

The Aldine

VOL. VII.

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

No. 9.



Drawn on the wood by John S. Davis.

Engraved by C. Maurand.

LITTLE ROSE.—AFTER BERTRAND.

THE ALDINE.

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers,
58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

THE BOBOLINK.

ONCE, on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers, in dreaming mood,
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along:
The air was fragrant with woodland scents—
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence—
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strown
Wilting winnows of grass new mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume,
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding-hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire—
"Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it! do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And, loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
Dusk and cool, in their pleasant way,
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
Silently glided with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms which spread,
Their verdurous canopy overhead—
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
And the flitting form of the dragon-fly,—
Save where the swift-winged swallows played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within,
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee?
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch-tree!"
But ah! they noted,—nor deemed it strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change—
"Do it! do it!"—with might and main
Warbled the tell-tale—"Do it again!"
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

(From the Italian.)

ONE beautiful afternoon in May, a child was wandering thoughtfully along the flowery banks of the Gênes, his back turned to the village and his grave eyes fixed vacantly upon the blue expanse of waters, like a troubled soul vainly seeking companionship. He appeared to be about thirteen years of age, his face was pale and sorrowful, his eyebrows strongly marked, while his dark eyes sparkled with a weird brilliancy which at times had an almost sinister expression.

He remained lost in thought for some time, his head resting upon his slim, nervous hand, listening to the murmuring waves, as they broke at his feet, gazing sadly across to the distant horizon with unutterable longing. Suddenly the joyous laughter of childhood broke upon his musings; a little girl came running across the waving field and threw both arms enthusiastically about his neck.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty Nicolo; what are you doing here? I've been looking everywhere for you!" Uttering these half-scolding words, she continued to overwhelm him with caresses, and laid a little basket filled with wild roses and eglantines at his feet, in token of her childish affection. The shadow of a smile flitted across the boy's face as he looked into her laughing eyes; he ran his fingers through her flossy curls, gave a sly, cautious look around, and whispered:

"I ran away from my father, Gianetta; he gave me leave to rest, so I came to this lovely place—you know how I value my short liberty, and how I adore the murmuring of these waves! Listen to their weird music!"

"It is too bad of your father," sighed the child, "to torment you with those hateful exercises; you will die of overwork! 'Poor Nicolo,' so mother said to me, 'is much too delicate; his bewitched violin will be the death of him before long, and it will be his father's fault!' And mother is right!" she added, looking anxiously at the young boy's worn face.

"Do not fear for me, Gianetta," replied Nicolo; "I shall not die yet; I must grow up to be a man! Look, how strong I am!" He drew himself up to his full height, his dark eyes flashed, and a smile of rare tenderness played around his ripe lips. With his strong arms he lifted his little playmate and held her suspended over the water for some seconds. Sadness does not linger long in the heart of a child! Gianetta seeing him so gay, commenced singing, pausing ever and anon for some bit of childish gossip. Nicolo listened, amused, at the artless prattle about her flowers, her doves, her games, and her dolls, and whenever he sank into an unconscious fit of abstraction, Gianetta quickly brought him to himself with a playful shake or tender kiss.

The children remained on the strand until the stars came out one after another, smiling alike on the serious eyes of Nicolo and the drowsy ones of the pretty Gianetta. Then, indeed, they turned their steps homeward, their arms wound around each other in the innocent, loving embrace of childhood. After a long walk, they turned down a narrow lane, at the end of which stood two humble cottages, overgrown with vines—one the home of Gianetta, the other of Nicolo. At the threshold of the former stood the mother of the little girl, anxiously awaiting the return of the children, whom she tenderly embraced as they came running up to her; then, wishing each other good-night, Nicolo crossed over to his home.

On entering his dingy little room, he sighed deeply, raised the window to let in the mild night air, and opening a chest, drew from it an old violin. Seating himself near the casement, through which the silvery moonlight flooded, he passed his fingers across the strings, and drew from them the most entrancing strains of music, dying away at times into wondrous melancholy, then swelling into triumphant gladness.

Scarcely had he commenced playing, when a large spider crawled out of the vines and came on the shutter.

"Welcome!" cried the young musician, gayly; and as it advanced, he laid his finger on the window sill, allowed the spider to make its way over it, and placed it in triumph upon his violin, where it remained, during the whole performance, as if enchanted by the wonderful magic of the music.

Nicolo continued practicing until his eye-lids closed in sleep, and not until the sun shone into his eyes did he awake from his sound slumbers. He arose, and replaced his mute, still sleeping companion carefully upon the vine leaves.

Every time that he laid aside his violin, when inspiration or strength failed, he sank into his habitual morbid revery. The absence of the spider increased this feeling of solitude, for he was attached to the creature with all the passion of a fervent and unhappy disposition. His father was a hard and relentless master—his dead mother he only dimly remembered as having smiled upon him with ineffable sweetness as she sung him to sleep with her gentle lullaby. But that was so long, long ago, and now he had no friends; for the children of his own age avoided the dreamy, reserved lad. Only little Gianetta was good to him, coming often to his room and listening in silent admiration to the inspiring music of his violin. But Gianetta detested his spider. "There is witchcraft in it!" she would say, with a dainty little shudder, and so the insect was never

admitted during her visits. When his fingers grew stiff with exercise, Nicolo enlivened the hours by telling fairy tales, romantic adventures and his own hopes for the future to his delighted little companion, who would listen without daring to interrupt, her eyes gleaming with joy, as she pressed the feverish hands of the agitated narrator. Sometimes Nicolo told her of Mozart, who was already famous at the tender age of six. "Oh, Gianetta!" he would exclaim, "how small I seem beside him!" And hot tears chased down his attenuated cheeks. In vain the pitying Gianetta tried to console him—his was the jealousy common to genius!

One day the young musician, under the direction of his father, had been performing a series of monotonous exercises, so that his arms seemed paralyzed. Utterly worn out, he laid aside his violin, and leaned his weary head against the window, when all of a sudden he heard a sharp cry. It was the mother of Gianetta who called to him. Springing up with alacrity, he ran across to his playmate's home. He found the little girl lying on her bed, her form worn with a raging fever, her breath coming hard and slow, and her bright eyes looking fixedly into space. On recognizing her friend, she looked at him with a supplicating glance, which Nicolo readily interpreted. With tears in his eyes, he ran swiftly for his discarded instrument, crying as he came back:

"My sweet little Gianetta, I will play a lullaby; it will make you well again!" He sat down by her bedside, and forgetting his fatigue, played with all the fervor of his soul: his anguish, his hope, his love, seemed to breathe from the wondrous tones, and like the voices of angels descending to earth, they eased with their sublime harmony the pains of the sick child, who, at first, had listened with wild, feverish eagerness, which gradually gave place to calm repose. The restfulness of her soul was depicted upon her flushed cheeks, her little hands were clasped peacefully, as she murmured gentle prayers for her faithful friend, who with tearful eyes and nervous hands was trying to soothe the anguish of his own breaking heart as well as the pains which racked the form of his sweet little Gianetta. When he had finished playing, she held out her thin, white hand:

"Dear Nicolo," she said in a low, broken voice, "I am going to leave you. I hear sweet angels calling me. You can not follow me; you must remain behind; but far from this place, you will become famous, all the world will speak your name—oh, then, do not forget your little Gianetta!" Her head sank back among the pillows, and almost without a struggle the sweet eyes closed forever!

Nicolo remained gazing absently upon her lovely face. Alas, for the first time it was deaf to his tears and supplications. Wild, with grief, he wandered about all day and the greater part of the night, without aim, without any thought save that of his utter loneliness. He visited the water-side where only a few days ago they had been so happy together; he lingered in every spot sacred to their mutual pleasures, and when at a late hour he returned to his room, he shuddered at the awful stillness which reigned there. He looked across to Gianetta's home. The window was open; he could see the child lying asleep in her narrow bed, almost hidden by the profusion of wild flowers which she had so loved while upon earth. A priest was kneeling by her side, his venerable head bowed and his trembling lips murmuring prayers for the repose of her soul. Nicolo threw himself upon his knees: "Farewell, farewell my joy, my love! As you have told me, I am going far from this place, where everything recalls my cruel loss; where I can find neither rest nor forgetfulness, deserted as I am by every creature!" At these words he trembled—something cold touched his hand. It was the spider! "Poor insect!" he cried; "the only living thing left to me! Come, I will play to you, for the last time, the airs which my poor Gianetta loved. I will play them as a requiem for her soul!"

He took out his violin. The sweet, sad strains of music flooded the air, wandering out to the little dead child, who seemed to smile at their message. Even the flowers seemed to nod their half-opened corollas, and the kneeling priest paused in his devotions to listen to the music's diviner power.

On the morrow the red rays of the sun fell across a sleeping child, still clasping his beloved instrument, on the cords of which lay a dead spider!

The hero of this little romance is Nicolo Paganini.
—E. C. Gildemeister.

LITTLE ROSE.

THE pretty picture of "Little Rose," a sweet and happy French girl who has ornamented her costume with wild flowers, is a copy by John S. Davis of James Bertrand's painting of "Rose Pompon." Bertrand is best known, especially by those who are familiar with the Luxembourg Gallery, by his picture of the "Drowned Virginia," from the romantic story of "Paul and Virginia." All of his works are popular. He was born in Lyons, and received medals at the exhibitions in 1861, 1863 and 1869.

ENGLISH LANDLADIES.

NOTHING can be more soothing to the American traveler, accustomed, as he is, to the grudging service of an American hotel, than the cheerful and polite attentions of an English landlady. She is almost always young, good-looking, neatly dressed, and possessed of excellent manners, understanding her business, and not ashamed of it, helping her husband to keep a "public" with all her might and main, realizing that civility and good manners are things every weary traveler is disposed to pay for. In the small country inns, which Washington Irving so charmingly describes, the landlady has been generally the upper servant, the favorite maid of the neighboring great house, who has married "my lord's own man," and she and he are amongst their own people, well-trained, with good manners, somewhat better educated than their neighbors, and perfectly contented with their position—a happy state of mind which belongs to no American living. In the larger towns and cities, the great hotels have always a lady at the desk, and the business of the house is carried on by a manager, generally a woman, and a well-dressed, amiable, well-mannered woman at that. I was told in London by one of those very superior women that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and that the small fee which I gave her for being very kind to me in illness was enough to give her a summer holiday which she would not else have enjoyed! What a commentary that is upon the difference between English and American women. Not from Maine to Georgia could we find an American woman of her degree of intelligence, cultivation and elegance, who would condescend to fill the place that she did, or who could have accepted a sum of money so gratefully and so modestly, and with such perfect self-respect as she did, in which I think we Americans are in the wrong. We have a nervous, fussy pride which is not self-respect, and we call certain industries respectable and lady-like, while we condemn others, as if all industry and all work were not the most respectable thing in the world! The American woman takes her stand in *not* being a landlady. Her husband may keep a hotel if he pleases—she will not—and the result is that hotels in America miss that grace and comfort and care which makes those of England, from the grand Buckingham Palace Hotel in London, to the little wayside inn at Warwick, and so on all through delicious, rural England, most comfortable stopping-places, where every nerve is soothed, and the fretful fur of the traveler is rubbed the right way.

At the Buckingham Palace Hotel the female influence was called the housekeeper. I do not misuse that often misapplied word when I say that she was a perfect *lady*, a young and very pretty woman of excellent manners. She appeared two or three times a day at the door of your room asking if she could be of service, sent you the addresses of shop people, received and forwarded your purchases after you had left London, or would go and do shopping for you with great intelligence. She was guide, philosopher, and friend, sister and nurse if you were ill, and so agreeable in the few words of conversation you might have with her, that you were very much tempted (which she never allowed) to forget the subordinate position which she occupied. Such manners as hers were worth crossing the Atlantic to see.

I liked less well the elegant person in *moire antique* who presided over an hotel at Oxford. Still she was very respectful and full of concern for our comfort. And so on, through all the United Kingdom, we found these apparently educated and accomplished ladies doing the work of a hotel-keeper, and doing it admirably. But the charm to me was in the remote country inns, where the decent landlady came out with her husband to help us out of the carriage, followed us in to ask what she could do for us, told us in most excellent English the points of interest

about the neighborhood, was at once glad of her calling, and determined to make her house agreeable to her guests.

I shall never forget the magical influence of one of these landladies at the pretty inn near Keswick, up in the English lakes. We had traveled all day with an invalid gentleman who was in that state of nervous exhaustion when even kindness annoyed him. He had quarreled with his wife, his daughter, his servant, and the world generally. We arrived at Keswick about six o'clock, and took carriages for the hotel. A splendid thunder-storm had swept over the lake district an hour before, and we came in for our share of some ragged clouds edged with crimson and gold, some belated rain-drops which shone like diamonds, while on every rose and peony and blue-bell hung a shower of brilliants. The sun had come out gloriously triumphant from behind the war of elements like a serene statesman after a fiery political squabble. Derwentwater lay like a sapphire before us, and all around were Skiddaw, "the mighty Helvellyn," and the other alternately jagged and smooth hills of this wonderful and unique spot. It was a glorious moment, and in its intense enjoyment I forgot the poor invalid gentleman.

We had arrived a quarter of an hour before him, and were enjoying this scene when we heard his querulous voice. He was being unpacked from his carriage by the weary wife, daughter, and servant, when suddenly his face changed as a cheery voice said, "Can not I be of service, sir? Take my arm, won't you?"

And he looked down on a sweet, "sonsy" face and figure, a picture of healthy English rustic beauty, a brown-haired, fresh-complexioned woman, who extended to him two well-kept, healthy, robust hands. She was dressed in a clean chintz dress, and had a little white cap on her pretty hair. She was as fresh as the roses, the peonies, and the blue-bells, and she was the landlady.

The sick gentleman started at this apparition and allowed her to help him. She did it strongly, serviceably and well, and with a woman's gentleness and tact. I saw her afterward running in and out with tea and other comforts, and I saw her take off the tired lady's bonnet and smooth her hair. The next day I saw the invalid gentleman sitting on the piazza looking at Derwentwater, and very much appeased. I ventured to ask him how he was. He answered cheerfully, "Much better, and I shall stay at this delightful inn a month." As he said so, the bustling landlady approached with some hair cushions for his poor aching back, and as I drove away, carefully assisted into my own carriage by the same attentive person, I felt that I should have liked to follow his example.

Up in Scotland, near Melrose Abbey, at a humble little inn where we went for lunch, we found an elderly, plain landlady, who had known Sir Walter Scott. She stood by our table as we ate her good roast beef and sweet loaf, and told us anecdotes of that great man which brought him more before my eyes than any other stories ever have. She spoke of his thoughtful kindness to his servants and dependants, one of whom she had been. She told us also some anecdotes of Mr. Hope Scott and his heiress daughter, the only living descendant of the novelist. Being a good Scotch Presbyterian, she regretted that the money taken at Abbotsford (as a show-place) went off to the Catholics, Mr. Scott and his daughter being great Roman Catholics. This landlady remembered Scott's excessive lameness, and his indomitable perseverance in overcoming it, and she had seen and caressed Maida, the noble greyhound which Scott loved. She put her apron to her eyes as she asked if we had noticed Maida's statue and epitaph,

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door,"

and she seemed to regard us as personal friends when we told her we had come from beyond the far Atlantic to pay our tribute to the greatest of enchanters, to walk through Abbotsford, to reverently pause before the tomb at Dryburgh, and to sit an hour silently amid the ruins of Melrose. She immediately quoted these lines:

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreath to stone."

And no better description of that wonderfully delicate stone tracery of Melrose could be imagined. She spoke it well, too.

At Blair Athole, near the Pass of Killiecrankie, is a beautiful modern inn, built by the great Duke of Athole for the gathering of the clans. We dined in a Gothic hall, surrounded by the heraldic devices of the great Scotch houses—a superb room.

Here was a landlady of an unusual style. Nature had made her on a very aristocratic pattern. She looked as if she were a duchess, with her perfectly white hair surrounding a fresh and not too old face. This imperial woman came out to help us alight, as is the universal custom of the landladies of England, and as she extended her hand, her fine tall figure dressed in black, I thought I had traveled back into the Middle Ages, and was being assisted by a chate-laine at the door of her mediæval castle. But this splendid creature took no airs. She was as respectful and attentive as if she had not looked like a duchess. Her whole air seemed to say, "*Noblesse oblige!*"

A year from that day I alighted at a hotel in Western New York. We went from an overlaid railway train to a freshly painted abomination which was called an hotel. The piazza was covered with slovenly men who sat smoking, chewing and spitting tobacco. When we got inside we found a dirty fellow in his shirt sleeves who was the landlord. He was obliging and industrious, tried to help us, and at our request for rooms took us into a stuffy bedroom, curtainless and full of flies, the washstand destitute of water and towels, and the feather bed and pillows surmounted by a cotton "comforter" at least one hundred years old. The good fellow got us a pitcher of water with difficulty, for water is very expensive at an American tavern, and after an hour's delay gave us a very poor dinner. We saw in the parlor an overdressed female reposing in a rocking-chair. Her hair was very much *crêpé* and dressed in the extreme of the mode; her gown was greasy but dressy; her hands and teeth had not been attended to at all. She sat and rocked, and looked out of the window, and treated us with lofty disdain. This was the landlady!

I could not but feel, as I remembered the clean, industrious, well-mannered landladies of England, that my own dear land of liberty and universal suffrage might derive some ideas from the *effete* civilization of a despotic government.

There is something very noble in the American husband. He wants to do all the work and save his wife, but it is very ignoble of the wife to allow him to do so. If she can work she should do so, to help him. Very often the cares of a family are quite enough; but there are many women who have health and talent who can work, and who can assist to increase that mutual fortune which both shall enjoy. Let every wife remember that she can not rise above the social status of her husband. If he is Secretary of State she shares his honors. If he is a stage-driver she shares his poverty. If he is a tavern-keeper, she is the tavern-keeper's wife, and shares his social status. If she helps him as she can, and does it willingly, she is far more of a "lady" than if she permits her house to be dirty, uncomfortable, and badly served, while she sits in gloomy idleness in her parlor. I have known a country tavern where the landlord was everything that was attentive and kind, but where his wife, from a false sense of gentility, refused to go in to see an invalid lady who required some attention. She assumed airs of fashion, and "received calls" in a stuffy parlor which needed sweeping.

Such faults pervade our American system. We are not yet instructed in the principles of true, good breeding, while the wife ignores her husband's position. If the clerk at two or three thousand a year dresses his wife as his employer does, who enjoys one hundred and fifty thousand a year, we can have no honest clerks. It is the secret of many a defalcation—the utter ruin of many a good fellow.

There are sixty thousand unmarried females in a certain State sighing for a career. Why will they not become landladies? Why not, with their white hands and clear brains, keep the books and keep the house; turn out the most superb breakfasts and dinners, and add to the charm of their good housekeeping the music of a warm and gentle welcome? The United States of America, outside of the great cities, have almost no good hotels. What a change would not these lovely landladies effect. Traveling would then become paradisaical. Men and women would



THE PALISADES, FROM THE RIVER. — J. D. WOODWARD.

save up money that they might go and spend it at one of these homes of delight.

It is a great want, and the American women are just fitted (if they would), to fill it. They have tact, smartness, clear heads, and they *might* be good cooks. I do not think many of them are. They need to study this art from the French. But the American woman shares this with the American man. She *can* be anything she chooses to try to be. There is a marriage between the American will and the American mind which is very complete: "What God has joined let no man put asunder." Whatever a woman aspires to be, that can she be on this independent soil, and it strikes me she could preach a greater crusade against intemperance from behind the bar than before it. No man would make a brute of himself in a tavern kept by a young, pretty, lady-like woman. All his instincts would be against it. He would wish to appear well-dressed, clean, and well-mannered before a landlady like Mark Tapley's

friend, or like the one sketched in "Somebody's Luggage," whose hands were very pretty, "and the remark don't stop here, but extends right up her arms." Dickens had a keen sense of a pretty landlady, and as some one has aptly said, "You go to England to realize your Dickens," so in England alone do you see the landlady Dickens sketched.

I have a dream, a hope, a vision of a future American landlady who shall outcharm them all; but alas! as yet it has not come to pass!

— M. E. W. Sherwood.

PASSING THE PALISADES.

THOSE who sail over the beautiful waters of the Hudson, from New York City to Haverstraw, in steamship, schooner or yacht, will pass the grand and towering Palisades, a general view of which Mr. J. D. Woodward has graphically depicted in the illustration which embellishes this number. The storm

and cloud effects caught by the artist are very beautiful and true to nature. What were once, doubtless, abrupt rocks, have now, through the crumbling influence of time, assumed the form of carved and sloping hills which are covered with a thick growth of timber. The stones which have fallen are broken up and taken to New York to be used for pavements. The picture represents the wooden railway over which these stones are carried from the quarry to the boats.

This picture should have appeared in the August issue with the others of the series, but owing to delay on the part of the engraver to whom it was intrusted, we were unable to obtain it, and after waiting a fortnight, were obliged to go to press with a substitute. The "vagaries of genius" are probably the greatest difficulties that surround the production of an art journal. As this is the third successive transgression by the same gentleman, we deem it due to ourselves to make this explanation.



A STORM IN UTAH.—THOMAS MORAN.

KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

ULSTER COUNTY, New York, situated, as it is, between the Catskill Mountains on the north and spurs of the Blue Ridge on the southwest, and divided by the beautiful Walkill Valley, affords a great variety of picturesque scenery, and is a favorite summer touring-place for artists. Sailing up the Hudson, after leaving the city of Newburgh on the western bank of the river, the traveler will pass a number of quiet and handsomely pastoral villages nestling among the hills, half-embowered in woods, or sloping in a gracefully hollowed valley, such as Milton, New Paltz, Rondout and Saugerties. All of these villages are in Ulster County, the capital town being Kingston, a glimpse of which Mr. Van Elten has given us in his full-page picture. The site chosen by the artist is one full of beauty, showing the towers and roofs of a hamlet surrounded by trees, and

giving one the impression that the place is something of a Dutch "Sleepy Hollow" instead of a modern thriving American village. Kingston is situated three miles inland from the river, being connected with Rondout by a plank road. The town stands on an elevated sandy plain near Esopus Creek, which name it used to bear. The commerce of this place is more extensive than that of any other on the river between New York and Albany. Various flourishing manufactories are to be found in Kingston, although the artist has given no hint of them in his view of the place. This town was settled in 1614, and before the Europeans obtained a permanent footing, was three times burned by the Indians. Soon after the settlement of Albany and New York, or about 1663, the Dutch settled in Kingston, and many characteristics of these quaint people, especially some of the old houses on the Hurley Road, still remain, adding interest to the place. The country surround-

ing Kingston is of great fruitfulness and beauty, presenting natural attractions and appearances not exceeded by those of the great parks of New York and Brooklyn. The trout fishing streams of Sullivan and Ulster counties are famous, while the whole land is filled with lakes, creeks, woodlands, great wild meadows, and trackless cedar swamps, where fish may be taken, and plover, woodcock, and quail hunted.

A STORM IN UTAH.

BOTH the artist and the engraver have succeeded in catching the spirit of nature in the remarkable picture representing Utah scenery. The rush of the water, the solidity of the rocks, the feeling of wind and strife of elements have been wonderfully depicted. As a specimen of fine and delicate engraving, equal to that of a steel-plate, nothing has ever been seen in *THE ALDINE* to surpass this.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

OF marvelous fire, unknown in heaven or hell,
God terribly wrought me, glorious and proud,
And many a monstrous labyrinth of cloud
Gave me, wherein to wander and to dwell;
And knowing my splendid might,
I laughed for great delight,
Till all my shadowy palace rumbled loud,
Being strong, superb, a goddess to affright,
Beautiful awfully. And all was well.

Now this was in the old earth's most early days;
And it befell that while with wondering eyes
Earthward I gazed, in rapturous surprise,
A vision of much fairness caught my gaze:
A youth of mien most sweet,
Gold hair and sandaled feet,
White godlike forehead and heroic size,
And through my blood shot fierily and fleet
Desire to fall before him suppliantwise!

Then I leaped forth, with willing wings, and sped
Whither he walked in majesty of ease.
But ere I had fallen on revering knees,
He lay before me, blackened, shattered, dead!
And then, in mad despair,
My sorrowing moans cleft air,
Outmoaning all the winds and all the seas!
And since that wild hour when I left him there,
On ruin and hate and death my soul has fed!

—Edgar Fawcett.

THERESA AND HER LOVERS.

"I dream of a red rose tree,
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me?"

THERESA sat on the back porch making button-holes in her new white waist and singing. The birds on a hundred hilltops were singing with her, and the blossoming orchards and meadows were doing their best to sing too. It was spring-time in the world and in Theresa's heart.

Presently her sister Clara came across the garden with a honeysuckle root in her hand.

"Aunt Cornelia gave me this to set out by our piazza," she called. "Willie, can you come and dig the hole for it now, well as not?"

Willie was raking chips in the door-yard, dressed in a striped shirt and blue cotton overalls. His handsome brown face was lighted by two brown eyes and a ready smile that made the bright day brighter, as he dropped his rake and came with a spade at Clara's call.

"Aunt Cornelia is expecting her nephew to night," said Clara, after a while — "her nephew from Boston, to spend his vacation. He is in college, or law school, or something, and his name is Frederick Sinclair."

"Rather a pretty name," returned Theresa.

"O Clara!" cried Willie, "if we put the honeysuckle on this side the pillar it will twine the wrong way. They always want to go with the sun, from east to west."

"That is so!" answered the girls.

And so Frederick Sinclair was buried for the time deep among the roots of the honeysuckle vine. But he had a speedy resurrection.

"The cars stopped," said Willie, coming in about four o'clock that same day for a drink of sweetened water.

"They did? Aunt Cornelia's nephew came, then," returned Clara. "Keep watch, Theresa, and you'll see if he goes by."

Wyandotte was such a rural, solitary little town, that so much as one strange man was well worth looking after. So Theresa, still sewing and singing, peeped out, every time she rocked forward, through the blossoming dogwood that curtained the window.

"There! Yes, there he is!" she said at last, tilting her chair forward and mechanically picking out the bow of her pink throat-ribbon.

"Oh! So they wear blue gaiters! And white hats!" ejaculated Clara, coming up behind and parting the boughs of the dogwood a little.

At the same instant the young man happened to look that way, and through the parted blossoms his eyes met the eyes of the sisters. There was a flutter among the flowers, as though a bird had suddenly flown away, and Theresa rocked back in her chair, while Clara dropped on the lounge, laughing and blushing.

"He is a splendid looking fellow, anyhow," said Theresa. "I do admire the style there is about city people. They seem to have it naturally."

As she spoke, Willie came in smelling of the barn, with his hat full of eggs.

"Theresa," said he, "don't you believe I could get him to help me with my Latin?"

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Theresa; "I'll speak to Aunt Cornelia about it."

The same evening, after the cows were milked, and the milkpails washed, Theresa, Clara and Willie were playing croquet under the lindens in the door-yard, when the young stranger sauntering about, stopped to lean against the fence and look on.

"There he is! there is Mr. Sinclair!" said Clara, who always saw everything that happened, and some things that didn't. "Wouldn't it be polite to ask him to join us?"

"Yes, of course. It must be dull enough over at Aunt Cornelia's with no young people there," returned Theresa. "Willie, you go and ask him."

If Theresa Farnsworth had remarked to Willie Brayton that she wanted a feather from that one bird sacred to the old Peruvian Incas, Willie would have left all, and gone in search of it without stopping to make a question. So now, although he shivered as we are said to when we walk unbeknown over our own graves to be, he went straight on his errand of hospitality, and came straight back, bringing his willing guest. And it was Theresa who went forward to welcome him with a dimple or two, a gleam of dark blue eyes, and a half-shy, half-assured droop of her head, like a white lily on its stalk.

Frederick Sinclair had come to Wyandotte, expecting a good deal of fresh air, a good many eggs and chickens, and a chance to botanize, and to search for strange insects.

He found all these — unless it might be the chickens — and he found nectar and ambrosia besides.

O, yes! He would be delighted to help Willie with his Latin, and why not the young ladies take it up with him? Then it was so pleasant to find Theresa had such a love for botany and natural history! Now they could go botanizing and butterfly-hunting together. And Clara's taste for drawing! That ought to be improved by all means, and he would gladly lend her pictures and give her lessons. It was remarkable how the four voices harmonized when they sang together by moonlight on the porch! And how much more zest there was in croquet with four, so they could take sides!

But hoeing trod hard on the heels of planting, and Willie Brayton could not always be playing croquet and singing quartets, and reciting Latin. So young Sinclair was left a good deal to the hospitality of the sisters.

"There is nothing I should like better than to be a farmer, and live in the country," said he, one day, as he sat under an umbrella on the grass, watching the busy labors of a tribe of ants.

"Well, then, why don't you do it?" asked Theresa, who happened to be watching the ants with him.

Frederick did not answer for a moment.

"I am thinking about it," said he, still intent on a little ant that was struggling along with a load twice her size. "My father is educating me for a lawyer, and I suppose he will be disappointed if I go into anything else. Which should you say? City or country, lawyer or farmer?" he added, lifting his eyes, suddenly.

The white lily drooped on its stalk, but the blue eyes looked up earnestly.

"I think your talents would be wasted and buried on a farm," said she, with soft decision. "The country is all very well in June, but I assure you it is dull enough here from November to March, and I don't believe you would like the prose part of farming."

"Perhaps not, and I suppose I ought to consider my father's wishes," said the young man, immediately convinced.

After that, Fred Sinclair was fully decided he ought not to disappoint his father's expectation, and he always said so when he spoke of his love for country life.

May glided onward into June, long before Sinclair's vacation came to an end. He had intended to go up to the lakes fishing; but come to think of it, it was almost too early for good fishing, so he stayed on and on at Aunt Cornelia's.

One evening, Clara left Frederick and Theresa among the red roses by the front doorstep, and went around to the water-tank under the wood-shed with a pitcher, when she stumbled over Willie sitting by himself with his elbows on his knees, and his face turned up toward the dim and distant sky.

"Why, Willie!" she cried; "Is this you all by yourself? Why don't you come and sit with us?"

"I am going to bed," answered Willie, starting up. "I am rather tired to-night."

So Willie went to bed, "to sleep, perchance to dream;" and Fred Sinclair sat and looked at the stars, and recited poetry to the girls till almost midnight.

From this time, Clara observed Willie was often tired early, and that a green and yellow melancholy seemed hanging over him like the blighting of an untimely frost.

"What ails Willie? Have you noticed him, mother?" said she, one day, when they were making a strawberry cake together, in the pantry.

"Willie? No, why? O, my child, you must make your dough stiffer than that! It will be heavy, sure as the world, if you don't stir in more flour!" replied Mrs. Farnsworth, dusting in a little from the flour scoop as she spoke. Then she bustled off to see if the oven was hot enough, and thought no more about Clara's question, till she saw Willie cast sober side-glances across the supper-table toward Theresa, as she sat cutting up her slice of strawberry cake in tiny bits, and listening with soft little laughs, and an unconscious swaying of her body, to some college story Frederick was telling.

Mrs. Farnsworth looked sharply from one to the other, then dropped a motherly nod of wisdom in the teapot, as she lifted the lid to pour in a little hot water.

"Nobody can conceal a cough or love," said she to herself.

And after supper she put on her sun-bonnet, and went over to see her brother's wife, Aunt Cornelia.

Aunt Cornelia was a sprightly, springy woman, with buff curls and sky-blue eyes. She was always very much surprised about something, and very sure something remarkable was just going to happen.

"Well, there!" she cried, when Mrs. Farnsworth's shadow fell across the threshold. "I was telling George to-day that I felt it in my bones some stranger was coming, and here you are! Do come in and introduce yourself! Nothing the matter, is there? Your house isn't afire or anything?"

Mrs. Farnsworth smiled a placid little smile, about as a pool does, when a dragon fly ripples it with the tips of his wings in flying over.

"No," said she; "the house isn't afire, as I know of, but I want to borrow a butter-box, if you have one to spare."

"Certainly!" returned Mrs. Cornelia. "You can have a nest of boxes if you want, and one to carry. George always buys a dozen of anything, when he buys at all, you know; and I am dreading to tell him we need a new chamber set, because I don't know what I can do with *twelve bedsteads*!"

Here Mrs. Cornelia hurried off to bring a butter-box, and when she came back, Mrs. Farnsworth struck in.

"I want to talk with you about Fred Sinclair," said she, coming to the point at once. "I've got eyes, and I can see how things are going, and I don't want them to go any further that way, unless something is coming of it."

"You don't say!" cried Mrs. Cornelia, patting herself on the back, as though she was afraid of losing her breath. "Well, there! It is just what I was telling George I expected would happen. Said I, 'Put coals along with wood, and there is always a blaze; and now you see, George, if Fred doesn't fall in love with one of Aunt Sarah's girls.' Says he, 'Yes?' Said I, 'George, mark my words!' And now you've come over and say the same thing! Which is it? Not Theresa, I suppose? Willie would have a word to say about that."

Mrs. Farnsworth flushed and looked down, as though she was trying to match the figures on the carpet.

"I don't know why Willie should have anything to say about it. Willie has always been like a brother to both the girls. Coming to live with us when he was a mere child, it is natural he should be."

"Oh!" returned Mrs. Cornelia with a satisfied nod, jumping up to open the door for the cat. "So it is Theresa! Well, I must say, I think Fred has the first-rate o' taste, whichever it is. And so has Theresa, for Fred is a splendid boy, if I say it myself."

"I think he is; I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Farnsworth, uneasily, trying to match the carpet harder than ever. "But when he gets back to the city, that may be the last of it. Here he hasn't anybody or anything else to divert his attention, and what is serious to Theresa may be only play to him."

"Fred isn't of that sort. He is naturally bashful, and not at all a lady's man. Besides, he has been well brought up, Fred has, and there isn't a mean hair in his head. Won't you try some of our cherries, Sarah? We've had an uncommon yield this year, I never saw anything like it," went on Mrs. Cornelia, reaching down a basket of blackhearts from the corner cupboard. "Oh, must you go now? Well, do try to be more neighborly, and don't you worry about our young folks. They are all right."

So Mrs. Farnsworth went home assured, and if her motherly heart went out in kindly pity for Willie's clouded face, why, after all, Willie wasn't her own flesh and blood, and was it Theresa's fault that she was so fair?

When Fred Sinclair's vacation had finally come to an end, and he had to tear himself away from lovely Wyandotte, he went with a curl of Theresa's hair in his pocket and her ring on his little finger. Then how the letters flew back and forth!

"Is it profitable?" asked the gray-haired old postmaster, as he handed out a package of three letters all postmarked Cambridge.

Poor old Mr. Penniman! He was himself a man so frugal that wastefulness hurt him even if the waste flowed into his own pocket. But as to the profitability, that was really a serious question aside from the postage.

"It is a bore to have to write, write, write so often, and such long letters every time," Theresa confessed to Clara, one evening, when she had to stay at home from a moonlight row on the river in order to get her letter ready for the early morning mail. "But poor Fred! he'll be so disappointed to miss it."

"Whenever he gets time to learn his lessons I don't know," returned Clara, tying a red-riding-hood over her head, and running off to meet the wolf who was waiting for her under the grape-vine at the corner.

Theresa sat by her window listening to the ringing voices of the merry little company as they gathered by twos and threes from the neighboring farmhouses and went together down the green lane to the river. She watched their figures in the moonlight till they passed out of sight, where the pathway dipped down across a brook in a ravine, and then she turned back to her great vacant sheet of paper with a small sigh of weariness. Of course she had rather spend the evening with Fred than with anybody; but writing was different; and then she wrote a long letter only the evening before, and really there had nothing happened since.

"Men are so exacting!" said she. "Let me see! I suppose I shall have to get down Browning and copy something. Wonder if he has read

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn."

"I'll copy it any way, for it is beautiful; but it is so short it won't fill up much. Perhaps I'll find something in Jean Ingelow. Let me see!"

Before Theresa had "seen" she heard a soft whistling below her window. A kind of soliloquy without words, just above the breath.

"O Will! Is that you?" she cried, putting out her head. "Why didn't you go on the river with the rest?"

"It is nicer here," returned Willie. "Come down and see if it isn't."

So down she went and settled herself against the pillar where Clara's honeysuckle had already begun to coil about with sprays and whorls of leaflets. "How delicious!" she murmured, nestling back her head and gazing up at the gliding moon. "It is so much nicer than being shut up in that stuffy chamber with a smelling kerosene lamp and a myriad of bouncing beetles and millers. I am real glad you called me down."

So there she sat all the evening through, and when Clara and the rest came home Fred's letter was lying upon her table as large and blank as ever.

Fred came down for a few days at Christmas, and if he was exacting when he was absent, he was ten times more so when present; till Theresa felt as though she was in an exhausted receiver.

"Seems as though I hadn't fairly filled my lungs while Fred has been here," said she, as she stood with Clara on the platform watching the cars gliding off on their way to the city, with Fred waving his handkerchief at the rear platform till there was nothing but a speck of white to be seen, now disappearing for the first and last time, and then showing once more. "There, he has gone!" said she, turning away as the cars glided around a curve in the far

distance. "I've had a splendid time with Fred, but I never feel as though I could think my own thoughts to myself in the same room with him. It is so different from having Will around."

Clara exchanged glances with a snowbird that was pecking at a cluster of ashberries, with its head tilted on one side; but she only answered with an experienced toss of her young head, "Men are nuisances, come to have them around underfoot all day."

"I suppose so," returned Theresa, with a sigh, half of regret, and half, it might be, of relief.

When the girls reached home, they found Willie whittling in the wood-box by the kitchen stove.

"O Will, you are a jewel!" cried Theresa. "You are making me an embroidery frame, aren't you?"

Willie looked up with a cheery nod. "Shouldn't wonder," he replied. "It is a keepsake for you to remember me by when I am gone."

"Gone! Where are you going?" cried the girls.

"Mr. Fay has been here, and I've engaged to finish out the school over on Poplar Hill, in Irvanton. The boys were too much for the master, and he left."

Theresa began to fan herself with a corner of her shawl.

"Good for you and good for the school," said she, feeling as though the earth had suddenly been sown with salt.

"I shan't miss anything or anybody, I suppose," replied Willie, reproachfully, beginning to whittle his finger.

"O, you have yourself wherever you go, so you are sure of pleasant company," replied Clara.

"Willie isn't a tree that he should stay in one spot all his days," spoke up Mrs. Farnsworth, drawing her lips together, as though she had seen that sort of thing a great many times.

Willie had wonderful success in his school. Willie always had wonderful success. And after that was finished he took the money he had earned and went to school with it. Then in time for haying and harvesting he came back to the Farnsworth farmhouse.

Fred Sinclair was there, already come again to spend his long vacation with his Aunt Cornelia.

"You never saw anything like how devoted he has become to his aunt all of a sudden," said she, laughing, and squinting up her eyes till they looked like two buttonholes. "He had rather be here than with his own mother. What do you think of that? Hey?"

The evening Willie came, Fred was reading his class-day oration to Theresa, sitting by the parlor window, behind the dogwood, listening with proud attention, but yet feeling away down, in an out-of-the-way corner of her heart, a very little bored. Suddenly, in the middle of the most eloquent passage, she started up:

"There's Will! Bless his old heart!" she cried, and rushed from the room without stopping, like Lot's wife, to look behind her.

When she came back the room was empty.

"Why, where's Fred?" said she, looking around. "I thought he was coming right out to see Will."

Directly she forgot to miss him. It was so nice and so natural to have Willie at home again. And Fred, at his chamber window, across the garden, could hear their voices, in a glad tangle of words and laughter, borne out in the summer twilight from the piazza.

"Where's Fred? He ought to be here," said Mrs. Farnsworth.

Theresa involuntarily withdrew her hand from Willie's hair that she had been stroking in a sisterly way, with a feeling as though a poisoned knife had been thrust into her heart. Fred! There was no room for him, and the thought of him gave her a wretched uneasiness.

"Brothers are nearer than lovers; that is so," said she to herself, putting back her hand in a moment among the soft curls.

The next day the young people of the neighborhood had a ride to Birkenhead Point, pic-nicking among the ruins of an old mill. After dinner they scattered about, picking berries and wild-flowers, twining daisy wreaths for each other's hats, chatting and singing and bubbling over with idle laughter. It was a lovely day, golden and green and blue, but somehow everything jarred on Theresa Farnsworth's nerves. The sun was too bright, the grass was too green, the sky was too blue, and the jests and sallies were stale and wearisome. So at last she dropped behind the rest, and seating herself on a mossy stump, leaned her head against a rock and shut her eyes. Presently she felt a touch on her forehead, softly stroking it to and fro.

"How tiresome! I do wish Fred would keep to his beetles and leave me to myself one half hour," she thought, petulantly.

And then Willie's voice asked, "Does your head ache, Theresa? Let me fix a better place for it with this shawl."

"My blessed brother Will! Is it you?" cried Theresa, opening her eyes. "How good of you to leave everybody and come off here to look after me! Thank you. That is ever so nice. My head doesn't ache much, only I got tired, and it will be all right if I stay quiet awhile."

"Humph! So I supposed," said Clara, to her own thoughts, when she came back at the head of a merry train, near nightfall, and saw Theresa and Willie still enjoying that grateful quiet.

"I think, Theresa," said she, when they were taking down their hair in their own room that night, "you neglected Fred shamefully. If he had the spirit of a snail he wouldn't stand it."

"Fred!" returned Theresa, breaking a hairpin. "Oh! He was off hunting plants, over shoes in the marsh. He found a specimen of walking fern that he has been looking after for years."

Theresa finished her hair and untied her boots; then she blew out the candle and groped her way to the bed in the dark. Neither she nor Clara spoke again, but they were awake a long time, and on Theresa's pillow there must have been something at least as uncomfortable as a crumpled rose leaf, for she tried both ends and both sides of it, and turned her head a weary number of times.

The next morning the family had hardly finished breakfast when Fred appeared with his pencils and sketch-book.

"I am going on the hill to sketch your house," said he. "Come, Theresa, where is your hat, love?"

Sometimes it might please Theresa to feel herself thus appropriated without a question, but to-day was Willie's birthday, and this morning she had set apart with Clara to trim his room with flowers and prepare a little feast in his honor. So she felt as though her personality had been interfered with, while Fred and his sketch-book looked positively disagreeable.

"O Fred!" said she, "I can't positively go now. I've such lots to do."

A shadow fell over Fred's face.

"The light is just right this morning. And I am going back next week, you know," he began.

"Go with him, Theresa. Clara and I will get on with the work well enough," put in Mrs. Farnsworth, looking in from the meal-room with a dust of flour on her cheek.

So Theresa went, but with a strange distaste that was almost a loathing for the tenderness of her companion, for the constant calls he made upon her sympathy, and even for the fair landscape Fred sketched in with clever fingers, and for the lovely shining day. Afar off she could see Willie in his blue shirt-sleeves and straw hat pitching hay in the meadow, and then driving nearer and nearer, up to the barn, on a load. She saw, too, Clara going out with a pitcher of something to drink, and coming back with long trails of clematis bloom.

"There," she thought, "Clara has got Will to bring up that clematis. Splendid! He never suspected it was for him. He doesn't suppose we remember it is his birthday."

Then she went, in her fancy, looping up the curtain in his room with the clematis and fastening it with a red rose as "she wished herself among them."

"Theresa," said Fred, "I'll have to get you to open your parasol, love, and hold it right there. The sunshine flickers through the tree on my paper, and I'll spoil the perspective if I move."

Theresa was just trying to remember that it was imperative she should run immediately home and tell her mother where she had put the spice-box, or the raisins, or the recipe-book; but now she resigned herself with additional impatience.

"Sketching is so tiresome," said she to Clara, when the dinner-bell had released her at last. "I know how an umbrella-stand feels."

"Feels hungry," suggested Clara, helping her to a second saucer of peas and looking like a person who has seen a great deal of the world.

Fred stayed another week, and there was hardly an hour of the day but that he made some demand on Theresa's time and affection.

"He does tire me so," said Theresa, setting back her head on Willie's shoulder, one evening when Fred had at last gone home to Aunt Cornelia's. "I feel as though I was eating spiced cake all the time;



A BAD JOB.—FROM THE ORIGINAL OF STAMMEL.

while you are just common, every-day bread and butter."

"Theresa Farnsworth! Sometimes I think you are a fool," said Clara, picking up the kitten and stroking her fur the wrong way.

Theresa hardly heard her; she was so tired, and Willie's shoulder was so strong and faithful!

"A brother is such a blessing!" she was thinking. "If the world could only be contented to get on with only brothers and sisters!"

The next day was Fred's last, and every moment of it must be given to him. During the twilight they sat together in a little arbor made by the upspringing of a hundred green elm-shoots about the old tree in the back-yard.

"To-morrow, at this time, my vacation will be over and I shall be in my lonely room again," said Fred, slipping Theresa's ring up and down on her finger—it always made Theresa nervous to have her ring slipped—"but after one more year we shall, I hope, be always together. I wish to be married in June, on my birthday, if that time will suit my father."

A horrible tide of feeling rushed over Theresa. Always together! Always having her ring slipped up and down, and Fred's close, absorbing presence! Her heart cried out within her, and she knew it was more than she could bear.

"O Fred!" she said, "that can never be. I don't love you well enough to stay with you always, and we had better go no farther on the same way. We will always be friends; but I shall not marry. I am not of that kind."

Theresa's decision had been long, unconsciously making, though it came out at last, like Minerva leaping full-armed from the head of Jupiter. She knew at once it was irrevocable, though she pitied her own heart, and still more the weaker heart and ashen face beside her. Fred's pathetic pleadings fell like rain upon a rock, for she felt she could do no other. But it was with agony, as well as ecstasy, she saw him go hopelessly away at last.

"Fred and I are through," said she, two hours after, coming in her chamber, where Clara was already in bed.

"Blessings on you! Mother will be so glad!" cried Clara.

"Why Clara! What do you mean? I thought you'd all blame me so," returned Theresa, quite bewildered.

"We were not blind if you were," resumed Clara. "Mother has worried herself half sick over it. She said she believed it would be the death of you if it went on. You thought you loved Fred, but you never did, and this making believe to yourself has been eating the life out of you."

Thus relieved and soothed by her sister's words, as well as by her own consciousness, Theresa fell asleep. But as to Fred, he had no such consolations. And all the night Aunt Cornelia, from the next chamber, heard him wearily toss and drearily sigh. Fred was her favorite nephew, and she never quite forgave Theresa, and especially Theresa's mother.

"Fancy!" said she, "there came Aunt Sarah, as demure as a cuttle-fish, to ask me would our Fred be constant to Theresa? She was so afraid the dear girl's affections would be trifled with! And she has not a word of apology to offer now. None of them have. They seem to feel as self-satisfied as though Theresa had not broken her promise and poor Fred's heart. He says he shall never get over it, but I think's more'n likely as not he will."

Indeed, before Aunt Cornelia had half way done pitying poor Fred, the pretty daughter of his professor of natural history had succeeded in glueing together his broken heart, and he was married on his birthday after all.

The same day Willie Brayton was leaving home again, this time for his final entrance in the busy world. He had taught and studied during the year, and had now an excellent position as book-keeper in a large store in the city.

"So that is the last of our good times," said Ther-

esa, making a great show of smelling at camphor, and using her handkerchief to hide under pretended grief her real desolation.

Then he was gone and there was nothing to do but to go drearily on with the monotonous every-day duties that are so commonplace and dragging when once the spirit has gone out of them.

She was sitting under the back porch, shelling peas, and wondering, if, when she was sixty years old, she should still be sitting there, under the shadow of the hop-vines, shelling peas, with her hair turned gray and her teeth all gone and a stoop in her shoulder, when she felt two hands upon her eyes and heard Willie's voice.

"We were half a minute too late for the train," said he. "Peleg was so slow with his old scow that we didn't get across the river in season. The cars whizzed by just as I jumped ashore."

"I wonder we stand Peleg at that ferry. A tortoise could paddle over quicker than he does," answered Theresa, all the dread and darkness gone out in an instant at sight of Willie's blithe face.

"Peleg had been to carry Aunt Cornelia across and wasn't back when we got to the river," resumed Willie. "She went to the city this morning to see Fred Sinclair married."

"Oh! Is this Fred's wedding-day? I'm so glad! I wish him much joy," said Theresa, feeling as though she had a lark in her heart.

"You are sure you don't care, Theresa?" asked Willie, softly.

"Care! I am delighted! Now he is off my conscience, and I haven't got to feel like a murderer any longer. A brother is worth two lovers any time."

"I am sorry you think that, Theresa," said Willie, turning away his eyes. "Because I've been only waiting to be sure I was not coming between you and Fred before I tell you that I don't want to be your brother any longer."

If Willie's eyes had not been turned away, he would have seen first a look of intense astonishment in



THE WOMEN OF SCHORNDORF.—FROM THE ORIGINAL OF HÄBERLIN.

Theresa's face, and then a dawning light, and finally radiant joy.

"Have I been in love with you all this time, Will Brayton? Is that what has been the matter?" she cried, oversetting the pan of peas to the great satisfaction of a speckled hen and her brood.

Yes, it seemed that was it. And it seemed Clara had always known it. And Aunt Cornelia, too.

So, in another year, Willie and Theresa were married, and went to live in a little suburban cottage, overrun with honeysuckle, and there they are to this day.

—Frances Lee.

THE WOMEN OF SCHORNDORF.

In the southwestern portion of Germany is the village of Schorndorf. Although now little more than a mere postal station, it was formerly one of the strongest fortified towns of Northern Swabia, and the pride of the beautiful valley of the Rems.

After the treaty of Westphalia, when the bishoprics of Metz, Tul and Verdün were ceded to France, the idea entered into the French mind to search carefully through the public records for the names of all towns and cities which during any former period had been the property of either of the three bishoprics, and to demand them from Germany as a portion of the rightful spoils. Although this preposterous demand failed to be presented in its original shape, it led to a series of aggressions which finally culminated in that devastation of the Pals in 1688 and 1689 by the French armies under the direction of Montclas and Melac.

Mannheim, Rastatt, Baden, Heidelberg and many other places were already in ruins, and the French forces were rapidly advancing toward the boundaries of Swabia, their thirst for robbery and destruction increasing with every step.

The government of Würtemberg, in the hope of saving Stuttgart, delivered all the towns of Northern Swabia into the enemy's hands, and the only fortification which had not been destroyed by the French

troops was that of Schorndorf, to which the people looked as to a last hope.

The French commander sat confidently in his camp at Esslingen, laying plans for his winter quarters in Würtemberg. The royal commissioners had already left Stuttgart to give orders to Schorndorf to fling open its gates to the invading host, and the French gave little heed to this last stronghold of the Würtemberg government, so sure were they of its speedy surrender. But exactly at this point was the invading army to meet its check; for within the walls of Schorndorf was a determined man, and what was still more important, a determined woman!

The man was the commander of the fortifications, Peter Krummhaar. Although he had received the royal command to make a slight show of resistance and then surrender the city, he refused to obey.

At length a special messenger appeared from Stuttgart, stating that the French commander had given orders to burn the royal residence and take immediate possession of the city, unless Schorndorf complied with the demands made upon it. But, in spite of all demands and orders, Krummhaar remained firm. He had strengthened his forces by drawing in large numbers of patriotic villagers from the surrounding country, and was determined to hold out until the imperial army arrived. But treachery and cowardice were so rampant in the highest places, that Krummhaar found his strength growing less and less. At length he summoned a meeting in the town hall of all the officials and leading men, to consult upon the possibility of a continued defense.

Frau Kunkelin, the wife of the mayor of the city, was a tall woman of about fifty years, whose word was law with all the women in Schorndorf. Of a firm, upright character, she had made herself universally beloved and respected. Her patriotism was of that kind which allows nothing to stand in its path, but sacrifices everything to the beloved country. She suspected that the voice of the city fathers would be for surrender, and secretly following them to the

council-hall, she hid herself to listen. As she had feared, the patriotic determination of Peter Krummhaar was overruled, and the city doomed to fall like its sisters.

Frau Kunkelin rushed wildly from the hall. Sending messengers through the town, she summoned all the women to assemble before her, armed with whatever they could lay hands on. "We have not laid up riches for these rascally Frenchmen to live and grow fat on," said she, "and Stuttgart will see that Schorndorf will not be humbled in the dust, like Tübingen and Asberg."

An army of women was soon assembled. Armed with every conceivable weapon from a broomstick to a sword, they presented a very strange appearance. Then, with Frau Kunkelin at their head, they marched to the town-hall, and burst in upon the solemn conclave of their husbands. Frau Kunkelin advancing toward the astonished city fathers, made them a speech, in which she called upon them to protect their homes, closing with these words, addressed to her husband himself: "I will kill you with my own hand if you act the part of a traitor."

After announcing their intentions, the women proceeded to take possession of the town-hall, and, organizing themselves into companies, held strict guard over the gates of the city. For two days and three nights the town remained in the hands of the women, the city fathers, "on pain of death," being compelled to obey their commands. Meanwhile, Peter Krummhaar was assisting the women in every way. Every moment was a step toward salvation, for the imperial army was rapidly approaching. The moral effect, too, of this patriotic uprising of the women was immense, and the whole country, which had been cowed down with abject terror, rose with one accord to save the Fatherland.

The heroine of Schorndorf, Frau Kunkelin, lived many years after the uprising of the women took place, and, it is said, related the history to a goodly number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

LA SŒUR MÉCONTENTE.

"TRIM the fire, little sister, turn the bannocks, cease your humming;
I must to the brook for cresses, through the burning noontide heat;
Soon from out the gleamy meadows will the harvesters be coming;
Ah, the jolly, jesting fellows, how they laugh and how they eat!
Hasten, little idler, hasten, for the reapers leave the wheat."

"Nay my sister, busy sister, ask me not to hunt the cresses,
Turn the bannocks, trim the fire, for my heart is sad to-day;
Like a homesick, captive creature, when the chain its soul oppresses,
I am pining for the brightness of a sunshine far away:
Do not chide me, sister Annie, do not bid me longer stay."

"I can hear a voice of calling, from the merry, merry city,
Catch the silken stir of dancers, and sweet instruments in tune,
And I hear a voice of music weave the tenderest love-ditty,
With a timing in its rhyming like our little brooks in June.
Ah—the opulent fair city, lying, gem-like, 'neath the moon!"

"So my sister, busy sister, tend your bannocks, hunt your cresses,
Deck your hair for the coming of the harvesters, I pray;
Wild flowers growing in the mowing well may suit your simple tresses,
Mine must pale in flash of diamonds, redden in the ruby's ray,
Do not chide me, do not hold me, for my heart is far away."

"Nay my sister, restless sister, this fair blossom of your dreaming
Holds but dust and bitter ashes that shall strew your wildered way;
Ah! the greedy, cruel city; gorgeous in its serpent-seeming—
It will crush you in its coiling, it will sting you where you stray,
Home is with the heart that loves you,—leave me not alone I pray."

"Hush, my sister, timid sister, I will have a noble lover,
He shall choose from many maidens, and be faithful to his choice.
(Which of all my peasant-suitors ever sought to be a rover?)
I will win him with my beauty, I will charm him with my voice.
He with priest and ring shall wed me, and shall glory in his choice."

"So my sister, fearful sister, tend your bannocks, hunt your cresses,
Feed the hungry harvesters and marry whom you may,
Spread the linen for the bleaching, wash your little children's dresses,
Delving in a weary treadmill till your bonny hair is gray,
But the merry city calls me, and I must away, away!"

"Nay, my sister, wayward sister, reckon not to leave me lonely;
Not for me be pleasant home-cares—love of husband—while you stray.
We of all our father's people, lingering remnants—we two only!
Shall the serpent city part us? Nay, my little dreamer, nay;
Where thou wanderest, I will follow, where thou bidest I will stay.
—Helen Barron Bostwick."

FRANZ LISZT.

ONCE, on a November evening, in the year 1822, a large audience was assembled in the town hall at Vienna, and the eyes of all were turned with eager expectations in the direction of a delicate light-haired boy, who was seen approaching the piano. Adam Liszt, the friend of Joseph Haydn and Hummel, the celebrated pianist and violinist, led his son Franz, only eleven years old, for the first time before the public who had known Mozart. The seats usually occupied by men were not so thickly crowded, yet all the musicians of note were there, and near the piano, one noticed Salieri's interesting face, and the grave countenance of Czerny, the boy's master. The assemblage of women was a brilliant one; they sparkled, smiled and languished, as a bed of flowers after a dewy summer night, and many considered it a good omen that the young *débutant* should be thus surrounded by fair roses. Quite in the furthest corner of the hall sat a woman, whose wonderfully beautiful eyes followed every movement of the slight childish figure, while upon her delicate countenance the touching paleness caused by deep emotion became still more visible. The heart of the lovely woman was so full of disquietude, that her chest rose and sank convulsively, and her small hands were tightly clasped together. She was plainly dressed in black, and a black lace veil covered a profusion of golden hair. Her mouth betrayed an expression of sadness, and yet she tried to smile, as now in the midst of a sudden silence, the first tones of the piano were heard. The little Franz played a concerto of Hummel's with great strength and expression. The crowded

audience did not in the least disturb him, for he appeared as calm and assured as an experienced mariner at his helm upon a troubled sea. Why, then, did that woman still tremble, and seem so full of anxiety?

She could hear, indeed, how they applauded the boy, and she saw a joyful expression cross his face, as he returned to his father's side, during a short interval of rest. The pretty little songstress in a white satin dress, with a rose behind her left ear, who now sang an air full of trills, won no look of admiration from those large eyes fringed with dark lashes, for they were immovably fixed upon the young boy's pale face. His features were delicately molded, the mouth small and aristocratic, and sometimes he would push back the rich golden hair, with an impatient gesture, from his forehead. The little songstress now withdrew, followed by the liveliest applause, and swept by him, but not without passing her hand caressingly over his hair. The woman in the lace veil noticed it and sighed. Then the boy stepped toward the piano, and after a childish salutation, the slender fingers glided over the keys in Hummel's H minor concerto. The listeners were enchanted, and a slight flush of pleasure spread itself over the countenance of the woman who sat in the corner of the room.

Again the charming signorina warbled an air full of difficult variations, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and threw enticing glances in all directions; and at last bowed with charming *coquetterie* again and again, as they cried "Brava!" Then the boy took his place for the last time, and improvised. One scarcely dared to breathe, and the silence was so profound, it reminded one of a church during prayer-time. His fingers wove themes of Beethoven's and Mozart's into one another with variations, in the most magical manner. A proud smile stole over Salieri's furrowed countenance, but the golden-haired woman had allowed her head to sink upon her breast, in order to conceal the tears that were falling fast upon her cheeks; and she clasped her hands still more tightly together, while a fervent prayer arose out of her pure soul for the boy who played there. So deeply were her thoughts engaged in supplication, that she was not disturbed by the joyful shouts of the crowd, that now after the last chords gave free vent to their enthusiasm. But the sound of a voice that she recognized made her start, as it said to her: "Madame, your son has played well. I am satisfied with him. You will live to experience much joy in him, and ought to be proud of your boy. We will go to him."

The mother of Franz Liszt arose, and placed her hand within the arm of a large sinister-looking man, who stood before her; his hair was in artistic disorder, and his dress had a neglected appearance. The crowd were moving to and fro, jostling against one another in the excitement of the moment, but they gave place with every mark of respect, as before the Emperor himself, to the couple who were making their way toward the piano. They did not speak to each other, but now and then, the mother's soft eyes rested upon her companion, with a timid look of admiration; and he nodded to her with almost fatherly kindness. At length the boy perceived them.

"Mamma, are you really here, and—Beethoven?" he cried, in a voice full of passionate excitement, and in another moment, the "star" of the evening had thrown himself upon his mother's neck, and the kind smile of Ludwig von Beethoven was the first laurel that was laid upon the brow of the young artist.

From that day the career of Franz Liszt was decided, and the mother gave him up, notwithstanding a thousand anxious fears. Bravely she concealed within her own mind the tormenting images of danger, privation and disappointment, that day and night disquieted her. "Go, and may all the saints protect you, and lead you to the one true peace," said the softest voice in the world, and the ardently loved child entered upon the thorny path of art, that conducts humanity to those heights where it must ever remain lonely and alone.

Without a murmur, the pious woman repressed the cherished desire of her heart, which was to see her son choose a different road, the only one, as she in simple faith believed, that led directly to heaven, namely, as a consecrated priest.

Henceforth, she was only the mother of the artist. The blessed mothers of all our celebrated men may be divided into two large groups. The one gathers itself around the pathetic and glorified form of

Monica, the mother of St. Augustin; the other, around that figure, so full of life and animation, the Frankfort patrician, Madame von Goethe.

In the first group we find those ethereal beings, whose eyes are ever directed heavenward, yet who on earth are the guardian angels of their children, gently following their footsteps, and who become the ideal of the youthful dreamers, and the comforting angel of the man in his hour of death. In the second we see clever, true women, with smiling eyes and cheerful faces; women who understand how to teach their sons to comprehend human life in all its fullness, and from whom their sons inherit a happy disposition, and also the desire to become authors of romance. It would be an interesting work to classify the mothers of our martyrs, heroes, poets and artists, according to this division.

The first journey that Liszt made was to Paris, that wonderfully beautiful, cruel sphinx, with the bewildering smiles and lion's claws. The Conservatory, then under Cherubini's guidance, was the star whose light attracted the young artist's soul with such irresistible power. Both parents accompanied their son to the modern Babylon. The composer of the "Matrimonia Segretto" and the "Wassertragers" listened to the slender fingers play, and was astonished at the flapping of the wings of this young eagle; but Franz Liszt could not, as he so earnestly desired, become a pupil of the famous music school, for the laws prohibited the entrance of strangers. Yet, on the other hand, the boy became something else in a very short space of time—the favorite of all Paris.

Henceforth, one met the boyish form in all the salons of the highest nobility, where beautiful eyes looked admiringly upon him, and soft white hands caressed him. By the success that he achieved, and the kindness and attention of his masters, Paër and Reicha, together with the tenderness of his parents, that seemed to redouble itself as they saw him suffering from the abandonment of this earnest hope, he was gradually comforted under the severe disappointment of not being able to enjoy the advantages of Cherubini's instructions.

The Duke of Orleans, who afterward became King of France, first named the boy a "new Mozart," and this word was soon in every mouth. The Paris newspapers, without exception, exhausted themselves in praise of his rare and wonderful talent, and prophesied a great future. The concerts in which Adam Liszt allowed his son to appear were crowded, and the French people, so susceptible of enthusiasm, offered all earthly ovations to the youthful virtuoso. But the sweet voice of this homage did not for a moment intoxicate the clear mind, already striving to attain the highest goal. Those who could have listened to him, and could have seen him possessed of such calm assurance, and of such a *spirituelle* grace of manner, as he moved among his aristocratic friends, and again in the simple music-room at home, where for hours he would play Bach's Fugues and Preludes, and endeavor to transpose the Fugues into another key, would have been equally charmed with his earnest zeal. Still more brightly glowed the cheeks, still more brilliant became the eyes; the artist and student forgot time and hour, until at last two delicate white hands were laid upon his fingers, two soft arms encircled him, and his hot forehead sank upon his mother's shoulder. But this gentle guardian angel could no longer remain at his side in Paris. She was recalled by the severe illness of her only sister to Gratz. Immediately after her departure, the father and son took a short journey into the Departments for the purpose of winning fame and gold, and they were induced by this same motive to extend their travels further and further, until at length they crossed the waves, and landed on the shores of foggy England, where also he excited the utmost astonishment and admiration.

In the year 1825, we find that the representation of a little opera was to take place in Paris, "Don Sancho; ou, le Château de l'Amour." The theatre of the Académie Royale was filled to overflowing; every ticket was taken with the greatest eagerness, and the success was perfect. The name of the composer was shouted in triumph—Franz Liszt.

Handkerchiefs waved, white hands beckoned, and "Don Sancho" led the boy, scarcely fifteen years old, before the audience. But the enchanted castle also possessed a dangerous doorkeeper, Mademoiselle Rose, the charming songstress. She it was who received the young conqueror behind the scenes. In an instant his head was seized between

her small hands; a rosy, smiling face looked into his, and two sweet lips touched the mouth that until that hour only a mother had kissed. Was it perhaps the remembrance of that intoxicating reward which after the first performance of "Don Sancho" made all other applause seem to him poor and cold? Was it owing to the exchange of several grave and serious letters with his mother? or, finally, was it the weariness and disgust, sometimes experienced by minds so highly strung, caused by the consciousness, that poisoned all joy, of the fruitlessness of human endeavor and the perishability of earthly fame? Sunk in the gloomiest meditations, he buried himself in religious books: the fathers of the desert, the lives of the martyrs, and the writings of the sainted Augustin, formed his favorite studies. In his letters to the distant and truest friend of his soul, he laid open all his scruples, doubts, and dreams, and she thanked the Saviour for the evidences of such an early reformation. She already saw her beloved son safe—withdrawn from the fierce contests of the world, and at peace within the secluded shades of a cloister.

Wholly different, however, was the impression produced upon the father by this sudden determination of his son. He had felt deep anxiety in reference to the great future of the artist, in which, however, he believed as firmly as in heaven itself. Upon the advice of a medical friend, he took his son into Switzerland and afterward to Boulogne, for the purpose of sea-bathing; but the joy of seeing the color return once more to his son's cheeks, and of knowing that he had regained all of his former liveliness, was to be his last happiness upon earth, for, on the first day of August, Adam Liszt bade farewell to all that had constituted the pride and delight of his life, and left his child alone in the early dawn of his youthful fame. On the announcement of this terrible news, the loving mother, whose heart was filled with the deepest sorrow, hastened to Paris, in order to comfort the forsaken one.

She soon became aware of the return of her son to his art, but no word or sign betrayed that she grieved over it. She found her pleasure in remaining near him, to make a home for him. She rejoiced with him when he laughed, soothed him when weary, encouraged him when doubtful and harassed, and watched at a distance his triumphs in the world, with the resigned expression of a saint.

It was in those days that the apparition of a woman crossed the path of the young artist. A small head appeared half-enveloped in a flowing gold-embroidered veil, as in a cloud, and as if painted upon a gold background by the brush of Tintoretto, and around this picture was woven a wreath of red roses and passion-flowers. It was a passionate young love, and the renouncement of it caused bitter despair. Only the mother's eyes saw both, and only the mother ventured to console him. This love and suffering was so great, that Franz Liszt entirely disappeared from the brilliant society in which he had been such a favorite, and his foot no longer trod the polished floors, upon which hitherto he had stepped with such assurance, and owing to this, he was also sincerely missed in the smaller circle of his friends. One heard him and saw him no more. In his mother's quiet room, he sat upon a low footstool, and rested his head upon her knee. Her hand lay caressingly upon his rich golden hair, that hair that had been so much admired by the French women. And now, in this crisis of his life, the mother prayed more earnestly than ever for her son's peace of mind; and yet she it was at this time who unceasingly reminded him of the solace to be found in his art; she herself led him to the forsaken piano, and placed his resistless hands upon the keys; the melody that the youth improvised sounded wild and disconnected, and for hours his fingers would wander among the notes, and only the mother listened to him.

Suddenly the mother and son were aroused from this silent and melancholy life by the news of the arrival of a phenomenon, such as appears upon the earth only once in a century. Paganini had come to Paris, and was to give his first concert. From that hour Paris had no other interest, one heard only of the marvelous violin king, out of whose "Amati" came the restless wail of a lost spirit.

And on that evening, among the many hundred who filled the concert room, Franz Liszt sat in the furthest corner of a *loge*, and listened as if spell-bound to the song of the demon who appeared before him in the form of a peculiar, sinister-look-

ing man, dressed in black. It seized him with irresistible power. An overwhelming excitement took possession of him; the clouds of melancholy parted, dispelled as by the sunshine, while the conviction dawned upon him that genius had also its duties. He felt that he owed something to the world of the gifts that had been lent to him by a higher power—he owed it to himself to hasten further and further toward the shining heights where he might gather the strength necessary for the completion of his art. With these thoughts and resolutions, Liszt returned from Paganini's concert. How deep and powerful was the impression made upon his mind by that eminent artist, was shown in a memorial of Paganini, published after his death. He gave a delicate, yet glowing description of that rarest of all artistic personages, and declared him to be an unrivaled king of art.

But now a very different circle received the young artist into its midst, upon his return to the world. The scene had changed, and instead of aristocratic salons, there appeared suddenly a plain, unpretending apartment. Franz Liszt sat by the fireside of the fascinating Madame Dudevant (George Sand), admiring her conversation, as well as the tiny feet encased in the smallest of Turkish slippers. At the same time, Alfred de Musset reclined upon a divan, and gazed dreamily into the glow of the fire, or into the light of those eyes that were to him far more dangerous than all the fire in the world. Perhaps, too, Jules Sandeau, Alfred de Vigny, and the wonderfully talented artist, Delacroix, chatted together in the window-seat, or Victor Hugo looked in at the door with a merry greeting. A piano stood in one corner of the room, and sometimes Franz Liszt would suddenly spring up in the midst of a sentence, to finish it in music. Then silence would gradually steal over the little party, as they listened to those tones that exercised an equal charm over their different temperaments, through the mighty power of true genius. Then George Sand would rise, she, whose "Indiana" had thrown a firebrand into so many hearts, and softly approach the piano, upon which she leaned with folded arms. Only a Venetian lamp was burning, and in the reflection of its soft light, and the glimmer of the fire, the two heads appeared in striking contrast.

Aurora, with her graceful, voluptuous figure, and clearly cut profile, a profusion of black hair gathered into a knot at the back of her head, and dressed in a loose, flowing, black robe, confined at the waist by a scarlet shawl, in the folds of which a small dagger might be seen—and her eyes, so dark and lustrous, so full of intellect and of passion, shaded by long lashes. She reminded one at once of a Spaniard and a Hindoo—the full red lips, and the small white hands that were now raised to push back the hair falling over her forehead. A peculiar light shone in her countenance, and she seemed like some rare tropical plant placed beside a spring violet.

The expression of Franz Liszt's face was at that time so tender and *spirituelle*, his smile so dreamy, and the melancholy charm of his manner so great, that according to the opinion of his contemporaries, no woman could fail to be interested in him. Aurora looked with admiration upon his brow and the delicate aristocratic mouth, and with the same emotion, perhaps, with which, many years later, she gazed upon the passionate dreamer, Chopin, as he played his melancholy waltzes.

A comparison has often been drawn between George Sand and Franz Liszt. There is, indeed, much resemblance in the scintillating beauty and brilliant coloring of their works. Their minds were capable of equally bold flights, and they felt themselves irresistibly attracted toward each other. What a poetic charm must have been thrown around the journey that Liszt took at a later period into Switzerland with George Sand and the amiable novelist Pictet! The former described their adventures in the "Letters of a Traveler;" and Pictet's "Journey to Chamouni" is in reality only an apotheosis of the young artist. Liszt himself has told of those precious hours in his "Pilgerjahren," those musical leaves from the "Chapelle de Guillaume Tell," "Au bord d'une Source," and he allows the farewell to ring out in "Les Cloches de Genève."

The young virtuoso finding himself among novelists, also began to compose, and wrote in the most elegant French, the charming reflections upon "An Artist's Life," which was read with great admiration in Paris. Perhaps this was the happiest and most peaceful period in the life of this great artist. They

wandered on the shores of the lakes of Geneva and Lucerne, and in the Bernese Oberland. Without plan or purpose, a little party of talented persons, thus thrown together, without the restraining influences of care, that elsewhere would have fettered their wings. Beautiful and distinguished women, and intellectual men, listened together to the wonderful organ in the Freiburg Cathedral, as played by Liszt. It was a life full of beauty and brilliancy, breathing the most balmy air, under skies that were always as blue over their hearts as over their heads, a wandering among palms, the recollection of which left only a happy memory.

The first rays streaming from the newly arisen sun of Thalberg's fame shone upon the little company, and brought the entrancing *dolce far niente* of that "midsummer night's dream" to an end. As Rinaldo springing from the arms of Armida, so the dreamer aroused himself from his dream.

The mind so full of genius longed to measure itself against the antagonist who had so suddenly appeared. And soon, instead of the murmuring waters of the blue lakes, the surging waves of the great metropolis once more broke upon his ear. Paris received the wanderer with joy, and held him fast, as it knows so well how to hold those to whom it unveils its beauty; it retained him also, until the contest between the rivals was ended, and Liszt's victory was decided. The opinion of the women of the elegant and polished Thalberg, the masterly virtuoso, was expressed by a clever woman, who at that time remarked, "Thalberg is the first, but Liszt is the only one."

It is curious to notice in the course of Liszt's life, that always from time to time, moments of the deepest seclusion would cast a veil over him, concealing him entirely from public view, and that weeks and months of unbroken loneliness were intermingled with intoxicating triumphs and a brilliant life in the great world. He delighted sometimes to disappear from the theatre of his fame, without leaving a trace, allowing his friends to exhaust themselves in fruitless conjectures as to where he might be. Thus, after a long sunny sojourn in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, Franz Liszt returned to the cool shadows of the parks of the Villa Maximiliana at Lucca. Pines rustled above the pale, thoughtful brow; orange blossoms dropped upon the folded hands; while from among the laurel bushes, near the rhododendrons, perhaps the charming face of a woman peeped forth, in whose laughing eyes one could distinctly read, "Vive la joie!"

Ah! where was the mother? Although far from her dearly loved son, yet was she ever near to him in her unceasing prayers and wishes for his soul, and the remembrance of her had accompanied him through all his wanderings. How often would he clasp his hands together in earnest longing for the comfort of her love and presence, for when was ever the time that a human heart has felt itself strong enough to do without human sympathy and a mother's love. This deep tenderness for his mother flowed as a stream throughout Liszt's whole life, and formed an indestructible band, that wove itself closely around this mother and son. She took the liveliest share in all his works and efforts; when weary and depressed, he sought her sympathy in his letters, as he had done at the time of his first sorrow, and again, as at that time, he felt her hand laid tenderly upon his head, and heard her sweet voice comforting and encouraging him. Was it not owing to this constant remembrance of her, and also to the fervent prayer of her pious soul, that at length, after a brilliant career, after years of unwearying efforts of struggles for himself and others, after his directorship of the chapel at Weimar, and his residence at the court of the Prince of Hohen-Zollern-Hechingen of Löwenberg in Silesia, he reached out his hand to take the priestly garment? The world saw not the beginning nor end of the thread that had so woven itself into this wonderful artist's life.

Forty years have elapsed between the concert described in the beginning of these pages, as having taken place in the town hall at Vienna, and the present day. Again it is a concert given by Franz Liszt, and again we see him seated at a piano, but instead of a crowded audience, he has only a single listener, a gray-haired old man, Pio Nono, the Pope of Rome. In an apartment of the Vatican, the Abbe Liszt played before the Pope, and the melancholy eyes of the old man were lighted by an expression of pleasure, as the grave man in a priest's dress drew forth charming melodies from the instrument. And yet once more we see them

both, and behind them a host of high dignitaries of the church, among whom is the clever countenance of Cardinal Antonelli; the splendid procession turns, and finally terminates at Rome's Cathedral, from whose balcony the Pope is accustomed to give his blessing to the assembled multitude.

Only once in my life has it been my privilege to see and to hear Franz Liszt. It was long ago in the year 1842, in the Gewandhaus, in the well-known concert hall at Leipsic. He played a sonata of Beethoven's, his galop chromatique, and his arrangement of Schubert's "Erl-King;" at length he ended with "Alle Baude frommer Scheu," which produced almost as much excitement among the usually grave and self-contained Leipsicers, as it would have done in an Italian audience. The enthusiastic youths stood upon chairs, almost breathless, with glowing cheeks, beating hearts and beaming eyes; no movement, no tone was lost to us. But no look of his eyes rested upon us—he was too much occupied with some elderly ladies, who, more courageous than the others, had climbed up on the orchestra, and were tearing the leaves from the laurel wreath that had been wound around the music-stand. I believe they even divided one of his gloves, that lay forgotten upon the piano, among themselves. This "division of the earth" was not peaceful, and many came too late, not only "the poet."

When, later, I read Liszt's beautiful memorial of Chopin, and the tears fell upon many pages, I could hear once more the quickly played octaves of the accompaniment of the "Erl-King," and the stormy rustling of the melody, and could see the slight, pale man, as with an inimitable grace he would push the hair back from his forehead.

And thus, frequently, I picture him to myself, not Franz Liszt, the grave priest, but Franz Liszt, the incomparable artist. — *Elise Polko.*

ST. MARTIN'S DAY.

A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

ST. MARTIN'S Day is the children's holiday in Düsseldorf, being the "name's day" of their patron saint, the good Bishop of Tours, the children's friend, as he was called.

On St. Martin's Eve they hang up their shoes for presents, as at Christmas, and on the night of the festival there is a grand illumination and a torchlight procession. The children flock into the streets by thousands, each one of them carrying a torch or lantern, and singing merry songs in honor of St. Martin.

During my few months' residence at Düsseldorf, my friends, a charming English family, who had long made it their home, often described this festival as the most picturesque, the most truly German of all the calendar, a treat to be enjoyed nowhere else, Düsseldorf alone celebrating the good saint's anniversary in this fashion.

St. Martin's Day dawned dark and rainy, and we feared that the festival would on this account prove a dismal failure, but toward night the clouds lifted, and by five o'clock the streets began to fill with children.

With my gentle but resolute friend, Mrs. —, I slipped quietly out, leaving the goodman of the house peacefully slumbering by the fire, and profoundly unconscious of our escapade. All the way we met children in groups, singing and flourishing gayly colored lanterns, suspended from long, slender poles. We went on to the broad Allée, a fine avenue lined with stately trees. What a spectacle burst upon us! The Allée was one sea of brilliant, tossing light. Thousands of lanterns were flying here and there, of all shapes, sizes, and colors, some like stars or crowns, some with comical devices, and all gayly decorated with stripes, green, purple, yellow, or blue. In short, every color of the rainbow, multiplied a

thousandfold, was dancing about the Allée. Every child in Düsseldorf that could stand on its legs, was out with its lantern, and as far as the eye could reach were seen those glancing lights. In the Hofgarten, down the narrow side streets, over the bridges, the children trudged, swinging their lanterns high above their heads, and all singing with the utmost gayety and abandon:

"Let us frolic and be gay!
Children's hearts should sing to-day,
Carol loudly, tra-la-la!
'Tis St. Martin's Eve—hurrah!
Bring the lanterns—as we shout,
Little tapers all flash out!
Nimble here and there we spring,
Under our dancing lights, and sing,
Merrily, merrily, tra-la-la!
St. Martin's Eve is come—hurrah!"

The children were generally accompanied by older people, but some seemed quite alone. This being their own particular feast, they are allowed full lib-



"Gems of the changing autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star."

erty, and the little folks were in no danger, for though the streets were thronged with thousands of people of all grades in society, there was no disturbance, no rowdyism.

Leaving the Allée, we passed on to the Balke Strasse, the business street of Düsseldorf. Here the throng was greater, if possible, than in the Allée, and gayer, not being so genteel. We took a commanding position on a high doorstep, and watched the crowd surge past.

The crowd did not move in one continuous stream, but in several currents which swept to and fro, without appearing, however, in any way to check each other's course. The lanterns, as I said, were of all sizes, shapes and colors, and the poles of different lengths, some reaching to the second story windows, and as they were dashed about hither and thither, it produced a wildness and picturesqueness of effect wonderful to witness. All at once a dismal shriek arose from the centre of the throng. Some child, doubtless, knocked down and trampled on! We peer anxiously into the crowd, and soon a hapless little wight is gently drawn out of the press and led off, bemoaning the untimely fate of his beloved lantern, whose glory had departed, a prey to the devouring

flames. Growing tired of our elevated position, we descended to the pavement, and again mingled with the throng. A little motherly girl came trudging close behind us with a baby brother in her arms. In his chubby hands he held a tiny lantern, which he persisted in keeping just under my back hair. In vain I hastened on, or cut across the street. Close behind us came the pair, evidently determined, like some infantile *petroleux*, on setting fire to something, no matter what. Gazing earnestly at the merry holiday-makers stood a sad-looking mother, quite pale and still, with a sick child in her arms. In a pathetic attempt to give it pleasure, she held a poor little lantern over the infant's head, while she tenderly pressed the child to her bosom. In marked contrast to this group was a funny little trudge, not three years old, who was making his way quite alone through the press. High above his head he held a lantern, and sang his song out loud and clear. His sturdy little legs soon carried him along out of our sight.

We now passed on to the Markt Platz, where stands in portly dignity the bronze statue of Johann Wilhelm. Here the lights were less brilliant, and the crowd not so gay; so we went on through a narrow, roughly paved street, past the ruined walls of the old academy, and out upon the ancient Schiff's Brücke on the Rhine. We stood for awhile on the quaint old bridge of boats, once the scene of busy traffic, now a nestling-place for apple-women and petty hucksters of all kinds. For a few moments we stood in the shadow of a huge pile of buildings and looked back to the brilliantly lighted town. The tall, pointed roofs rose dazlingly white against the stormy sky. Now and then the moon shone out from the drifting clouds, lighting up a distant church spire, while below, at our feet, Father Rhine flowed dark and still.

Returning homeward, we found the streets still filled with the hurrying children, who had never for an instant ceased their merry carol. We saw pretty groups of boys and girls in doorways and in arched courtyards, lighting their candles, or arranging them in the lanterns. On our own door-steps was a pretty large crowd of them. They all had lanterns, and were singing this song:

"Here dwells a wealthy man, we know;
What children covet he'll bestow,
Earth's sweets be his while living,
A peaceful death be given,
And he at last inherit
The endless joys of heaven!"

This is their begging song. They sing it only when they hope to get apples, nuts, and pennings. On St. Martin's Day, Government, usually

so strict, relaxes its severity, and the children exercise their privileges without stint. We sent them off happy, and they went and told all the rest, for we were immediately besieged by crowds. We pretended to be deaf, closed all the shutters, but in vain. It seemed only to stimulate their ardor, and they sang louder and louder till their voices rose to a perfect shriek. Then for a time there was a despairing silence. But soon we heard the chatter of merry voices in earnest conversation with some one. We peeped through the door and saw the goodman himself, who had ventured out for a stroll, besieged on his own door-stone. He was fairly cornered, and had been dealing out nuts and pennings with a liberal hand, till now he was bankrupt, and was mildly but firmly directing the little rascals to go away and leave him, which they steadily refused to do. Go away, indeed, from such a harvest! not if they knew it!

By ten o'clock the festivities in the streets are over. Even the children consent to return home, where a grand feast awaits them of cakes, nuts, and apples. This closes the children's carnival. Another twelvemonth must elapse before Young Germany is on its high heels again.

— *C. W. Conant.*



COMING FROM THE FORGE.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

104 M

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

To one who is awake and attent, nothing is more interesting and surprising than the number and variety of sounds that often fill the hours of the night. Nature seems rich with voices that were before unheard and unsuspected; for if they ever speak in the day-time, they are yet not the same. Night gives them a character of its own, alien to the day, and unique.

It is not often that one has the opportunity of listening to the music of a bird after dark; yet even birds of cheerful and daylight habits do sometimes break out in dashes of melody in the night. Hawthorne writes somewhere in his journal of a bird near his window that suddenly, about midnight, burst into a wild, delicious strain that lasted for some minutes, and then as suddenly ceased, leaving him to wondering speculations as to the motives that had impelled the singer to this unusual freak. No one who has not heard it can estimate the strange, half-earthly effect produced by so untimely and solitary an exhibition of bird vocalism. The low, domestic twittering of birds, hidden in leafy branches, or dreaming on their nests, is a more common sound of the night, and has a fitness and homely charm in consonance with the hour; a midnight carol has a slightly supernatural quality, a touch of the poetic and inspired.

There is less sentiment in the crowing of chanticleer during the small hours; yet it is not an unmusical sound, especially if distance lends its enchantment, and the long, curving notes come mellowed and softened by their transit over intermediate fields. Under these circumstances, his midnight call, as some vagrant impulse seizes him, or rude alarm disturbs his slumbers, has a charm to which the lusty serenades of the following morning have little resemblance.

One of the dreariest sounds of the night is the cry of the owl. The note of the common screech-owl is a mournful, tremulous yell, as if all the teeth in his head, supposing he had them, were painfully chattering. No wonder he is called the bird of evil omen. Yet there is a wild, unearthly fascination in this nocturnal voice that makes one suppress every sound indoors for the sake of better hearing it. Creep softly to the door and listen. No matter how softly, the wise bird hears, and is silent. A more weird effect can scarcely be produced than by this wakeful creature in the midst of a winter landscape. We must believe that he is fond of picturesque effects, often choosing for his orgies a night of perfect stillness, with wide, snowy fields spread before him, illuminated by the glory of a full moon. Then, when earth and air unite in an effect of beauty, scarcely equaled by any other terrestrial scene, his wild cry breaks upon the air like a voice from another world.

However wildly winds may roar in the day-time, madly shriek, or softly sing, under cover of the night they receive a new significance. Boreas sets a thousand impish voices into activity,—around the corners of the house, in the eaves, against the windows, and among the rafters of the garret. The domestic sounds of day-time care and avocation swallow up these minor voices of the wind; but when all are asleep, they riot in the halls and chambers, play odd freaks in the window-shutters, and cry deceitfully in the water-spouts. The ear is made aware of a multitude of vocal existences which it had not before dreamed of, and the imagination is roused with the thought of those possible finer and more delicate sounds that need a more sensitive tympanum for their recognition. The south-wind is not so boisterous as his rude brother of the north; but on dreary autumn nights, when the house is asleep, his monotonous moaning in the eaves is a haunting and ghostly sound that fills the brain with all manner of desolate fancies. It is not hard for even the un-Pagan mind to imagine it the cry of a lost soul. A good many houses have been haunted by no more alarming spectres than the airy goblins of the wind.

It would be hard telling why those persevering serenaders, the katydid, choose the night for their lugubrious performances. There seems no fitness between the hour and their rude, inharmonious wranglings. After nightfall the "testy little dogmatists" climb to the highest boughs of the trees and fill the air with monotonous observations and denials to their unresponsive mates. Daylight would seem a far more appropriate field for such prosaic and business-like disputations. The cricket is a less arrogant minstrel, and his voice may be an enliven-

ing one in the summer sunshine, but it has other qualities in the dead of night, when, without previous announcement, it suddenly breaks out upon the silence of your dark room. This vocalism is the only part of him apparent; all else is wrapped in mystery. In the dark and the silence his voice is accentuated, and made a palpable presence; but he himself is secreted. Stir but a hand, and the stillness would persuade you that never a cricket had existed, and any search after the invisible one would be like hunting for the sprite that sings under the lid of the tea-kettle.

Frost is a weird enchanter, and builds most of his architecture "without noise of hammer or saw;" yet he is not altogether silent, as any one knows who has spent an hour near a frozen lake. There is nothing with which to compare this odd voice of the ice breaking its own fetters. Lowell advises one to hurry away from it, there being "something bodeful and uncanny in it;" yet young skaters on moonlight evenings will not be likely to heed the counsel. Nearer home, the rude snap of ice imprisoned in kettles, or its silver tinkle in some neglected drinking-glass, is a more familiar sound in the deep stillness of a frosty evening.

In a night of comparative quiet, there sometimes seems a multitude of voices in every quarter. Especially is this noticeable in an old house. These sounds have none of the broader noises of the day to cover them, and at this hour assume a proportion and magnitude at their pleasure. The ear has nothing familiar and tangible by which to correct its estimate of them. Who has not mistaken the rustle of her own garments on the floor for some tumult in a distant room? or paused on the stairway to listen to what seemed an alarming and remote disturbance? At such a time the boundary line between the minor and insignificant and what is of greater importance becomes faint and imperceptible, so that the rustling of bed-coverlets, or the echoes roused by walking across an empty room, ally themselves with the distant rumble of heavy wheels, or the mellow thunder of waves breaking on the beach. — *Jenny Burr.*

MONSIEUR LE BLANC.

"And she had an idea from the very sound,
That they that had nought were naughty."

My sister Alice and myself composed the class, and Monsieur was poring over the English grammar, after his usual fashion, when we went in.

Suddenly he looked up. He must again have discovered something "very droll in the English."

"My little dears," he exclaimed, "you have very droll words: 'to be,' and 'to have,' and when they go together—"

"Oh, but we never use them together!" exclaimed Alice.

"Oh, yes, my little dear, you put them together, and then it means 'to be good.' As you say, 'You must behave;' 'The man behaves;' that is, 'He is good.' So 'to be good' is the verb 'to be,—to have existence;' and the other verb, 'to have,' which means 'to possess something.' Very droll! very droll! I, Monsieur Le Blanc, do exist, but I do possess very little; indeed nothing; then I am not good!"

"Dear Monsieur," exclaimed Alice, laughing, and throwing her arms around the old man's neck, "you possess much, for you possess great goodness."

Monsieur shook his head, and Alice gave me a glance; a tear was already in her blue eye; for did we not know almost to a certainty that some grief had clouded the early days of our teacher, and that now a large part of his earnings went to support a broken-down relative? Not much had we really been told concerning this relative; but we knew he occupied a room in the same house with Monsieur, and the one occasion when we had seen him convinced us that the absence of worldly possessions was the single point of resemblance between the cousins. The word "poverty" I can not write when applied to Monsieur René, our dear old friend.

On the one occasion when we saw the two men together, the contrast between them was very striking: our teacher, with goodness and cheerfulness in every line of his face, while Alphonse sat occupying the best place by the fire, peevish and discontented. A few weeks after this he took to his room and his bed, his selfish demands taxing to the utmost the patience of his cousin.

Alice and I continued our lessons, notwithstand-

ing we spoke the French language "like natives." But partly for the pleasure of reading French authors, and partly from the dislike to withdraw our little financial assistance, we continued to visit Monsieur Le Blanc.

But one day our wonder was excited. We met a lady coming from the room as we were about to enter. The lady was visibly agitated, but how sweet she was in the beauty that yet lingered; how lovely in the soft glance of her dark eye.

We went in. Monsieur was evidently under the influence of a strong emotion; he was moving nervously about the apartment. At last, to commence the lesson, he took up an English grammar, instead of Molière.

Alice, the child of quick sympathy, laid her hand on his arm. "Dear Monsieur," she said, "you have not yet tasted your chocolate; may I not pour it out for you? And your toast,—won't you allow me to make it?"

He looked at her steadily, but so sadly. "Madoiselle Alice," he said, "do you ask me is it that I am troubled? No, I am not troubled; for has she not told me to-day that her heart has always been mine? Should I blame Alphonse that he loved her? No, I do not. But—"

Monsieur began to tremble.

"I understand," murmured Alice.

"Still it was cruel,—cruel,—for he deceived her; he told her that I was to marry, when I came of age, a young girl of Provence. Oh, it was cruel!" Monsieur's features contracted with pain at the remembrance of the injury. "My sweet Pauline," he murmured to himself, "thought I was not honorable with her. Alphonse brought her to believe this; but—" and Monsieur's face lighted as he spoke, "she has loved me all this long time, how happy I am in the thought? Is it not something to possess the affection of such a woman?"

"Oh, but you might have married her!" said Alice, sadly.

Monsieur leaned forward and pressed his fingers to his eyes; tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Oh, *mon Dieu!*" he said in a voice broken with sobs, "yes, I might; and she should have been made happy; and I should have been so,—I can not express it—I know no word. But it is all lost,—lost now!—for the youth and the time are gone, and my lonely life is coming to an end."

"Oh, no, no, dear Monsieur, so much is left; let what is to come be the brightest."

"Do I wish Alphonse to die?" returned the poor gentleman. "No my dear; but would to God he had made her happy."

Here, then, was the secret. Alphonse was the husband of this lady, the object of Monsieur René's deep affection, and he had known through all these years the deception that had been practiced upon him in his youth. But now a sense of joy was mingling with his sadness; for did not Pauline love him? Had she not loved him unceasingly?

This thought seemed as a spring of strength to René Le Blanc. Day after day he tended the wretched Alphonse, never losing his patience; but as the invalid became more irritable, the more kind and gentle was René.

Ah! how much of the grace and beauty of goodness is hidden from our dull gaze! As Thackeray says, speaking of old Mr. Newcome; "How could those good traits of his be perceived when poverty had cast him in the shade?"

Years have passed since our young hearts pitied, at the same time we admired, the noble goodness of our French teacher, and now he and his thankless cousin lie side by side in the cemetery of Mount Auburn; while Pauline sleeps in a village churchyard of her native France. — *Mrs. George Bartlett.*

AT THE TOMB.

O SOUL! rememberest thou how Mary went
In the gray dawn to weep beside the tomb
Where one she loved lay buried? Through the gloom,
Pallid with pain, and with long anguish spent,
Still pressed she on with solemn, high intent,
Bearing her costly gifts of rare perfume,
And spices odorous with eastern bloom,
Unto the Master's sepulchre! But rent
Was the great stone from its low door away;
And when she stooped to peer with startled eyes
Into the dark where slept the pallid clay,
Lo, it was gone! And there in heavenly guise,
So grandly calm, so fair in morn's first ray,
She found an angel from the upper skies!

— *Julia C. R. Dorr.*

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

THE ancient city of Lincoln, England, was one of much importance, but the present unimportant town of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants derives its chief interest from historical and antiquarian associations. The city is situated in a fine district of country, on the banks of Witham River, and is built at the foot and on the slope of a hill which is crowned with the great cathedral, castle, etc. Among the ancient remains of interest in Lincoln are the stately castle built by William the Conqueror; a gateway, considered to be the most perfect relic of Roman architecture in England; a beautiful conduit; the palace of John of Gaunt; ruins of numerous churches, convents, the old city wall, etc.

John Britton, who has published works concerning most of the cathedrals in England, in writing of the cathedral church of Lincoln, says: "The architectural beauties and characteristics of Lincoln, its historical annals, the numerous and deeply interesting events and incidents immediately connected with it, are subjects on which curiosity and admiration may be ceaselessly exercised without fatigue, and may long feast without satiety."

The form of Lincoln Cathedral is a double cross, similar to the cathedral church of Canterbury. The total internal length of the church is 470 feet, and the entire building covers two acres and two roods of land. The other dimensions of this noble building are as follows: Length of nave 240 feet, breadth 80 feet, height 80 feet; length of west transept 220 feet, breadth 63 feet, height 74 feet; length of the east transept 166 feet, height 72 feet; length of the west front 173 feet, with a height of 83 feet; the west towers, shown in the illustration, are 206 feet high; the great center tower is 50 feet square and 262 feet high. The breadth of this tower gives it an imposing and massive appearance. The site of this cathedral resembles that of Durham Cathedral, standing, as it does, on the summit of a steep hill, commanding a great extent of the surrounding country. No better situation for a favorable display of its external grandeur



WESTERN TRANSEPT.

could be found. A structure so venerable, so vast in its dimensions, so extraordinary in architectural achievement, gives to the city over which it rises majestically an air of solemnity which few possess. The Earl of Burlington accounted the west front of Lincoln Cathedral by far the noblest Gothic structure in England, York being in no degree comparable to it.

The original fabric of this cathedral was commenced by Remigius, a monk of Fescamp, in Nor-

mandy, and the first bishop appointed to an English see by William the Conqueror. The foundations were laid about the year 1088, and the structure was nearly completed in 1092. The principal parts of the building, as they now appear, were erected during the two succeeding centuries—a circumstance of peculiar interest, as it illustrates the progress of pointed architecture from its first introduction to a state of excel-



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

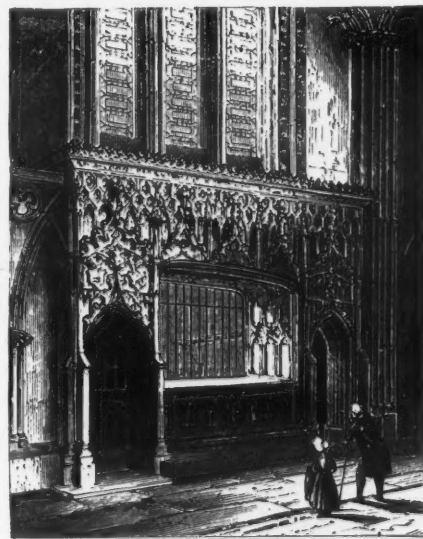
lence which it never surpassed in any of the religious edifices posterior to that era. The bishop who commenced Lincoln Cathedral died on the eve of its consecration! Enough of the original church remains to furnish nearly the whole design of the west front. The three first tiers of the west towers are also of the time of Remigius. The completion of the edifice was effected by Robert Bloet, the successor of Remigius. In 1124 it was equal in beauty to any church at that time in England. The three entrances to the nave of the cathedral are supposed to have been built by Bishop Alexander. Hugh de Grenoble, the sixth bishop, rebuilt much of the present fabric between the years 1186 and 1200, owing to the fact that in 1185 the cathedral was "cleft from top to bottom" by an earthquake which occurred in that year. It is thought that Bishop Hugh de Grenoble took down at least one half of the original Norman church, and that the present east transept, with the chapels attached to it, the choir, the chapter-house, and the east side of the west transept, were erected in his time. This bishop was a distinguished prelate. He died in London in 1200, and his body was taken to Lincoln for burial. The kings of England and Scotland were holding a conference in Lincoln at the time, and upon the arrival of the remains of the bishop they gave the body the peculiar honor of carrying it on their shoulders from the city gates to the cathedral close, followed by a vast number of church dignitaries and citizens. Having been canonized, his remains were taken up in 1282 and deposited in a superb shrine, or chest, of pure gold, which stood nearly in the middle of the present presbytery.

About the year 1239 the cathedral sustained considerable injury by the fall of a great part of the central tower, then nearly erected, when three persons were crushed. This accident was owing either to the carelessness or the too great boldness of the architect. The lower part of the present tower was erected soon after by Bishop Grosteste. The whole east end of the cathedral was begun in the year 1506, and the upper part of the great tower was finished the same year. Some years subsequently the upper stories of the west towers were erected. Originally all the towers were surmounted by spires of wood covered

with lead. The spire on the centre tower was blown down in 1547, and the others were removed in 1800 "under a pretense of improvement." In the north tower hangs the great bell known by the name of "Great Tom of Lincoln," which is 6 feet and 3 inches in diameter, and weighs 9,894 pounds. It was cast in Lincoln in 1610.

The interior of the nave of Lincoln Cathedral is remarkable for its magnitude and fine proportion, in which particulars it is unequalled, the breadth from wall to wall and height of vaulting from the pavement being alike 80 feet. And the total length is three times the breadth, or 240 feet. The great diversity in the form of the arches, which the style of the architecture allows, is among the chief peculiarities of the nave, and is the principal cause of that boldness and eccentricity for which it is remarkable. A modern writer on art, Professor William Henry Goodyear, in an article on the cathedral at Pisa, says: "That variety in corresponding parts, and deviations from strict symmetry, are the soul and the life of all decorative art and all architecture, is a fact which no æsthetically trained person pretends to ignore; as little will any such one deny that herein lies the superiority of the Greek temple and the mediæval church over all modern copying and supposed imitation. Mystification of the eye is the secret of all 'life' in art, is the secret of the charm which the variations of the mediæval detail have for all of us." There are two chapels attached to the south wall of the south aisle of which the exteriors are very near alike; the first was dedicated to St. Blaise, by Bishop Russell, who died in

1494; the other to St. Catharine, by Bishop Longland. The monuments of these prelates are also similar, consisting of elaborately ornamented screens, about sixteen feet wide by fourteen feet high, on each of which is an altar tomb, under an extremely flat arch. The cornice of Bishop Longland's monument contains this punning inscription: "*Longa Terra mensuram ejus Dominus dedit.*" ("With much earth, or Long-land, the Lord gave him his measure.") His original intention was undoubtedly to



BISHOP LONGLAND'S MONUMENT.

have been deposited here, but it appears that his heart only was interred at Lincoln, his bowels at Woburn, where he died, and his body at Eton.

Some bass-reliefs on the west front of Lincoln Cathedral have been considered to be of Saxon workmanship. An old alto-relievo over the niche adjoining the entrance to the north aisle in design is pre-eminently barbaric, being a representation of several human figures hurried by demons to the place of everlasting torment. — Fuller-Walker.

MUSIC.

IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Sunday school and church have become, in a large degree, the primary schools of instruction in music. Were our Puritan forefathers, with their severe, strait-laced notions, to revisit the earth to-day, the universality of singing in worship would doubtless give them greater concern than the advance in matters theological and the overthrow of their fierce dogmas. True worship is not formal, but emotional. As the world grows more enlightened, the tendency to level the distinctions between priest and people becomes more general. The desire for a responsive worship is on the increase, and in those churches where the introduction of a ritual would be regarded as aping the forms of another sect, there is nevertheless a determined effort in the direction of congregational music. There has arisen, in consequence, during the past decade, an "irrepressible conflict" between choir and congregational singing. Congregations have for years resented the imputation that they are not capable of joining at least in the praise portion of the service.

There is an evident impossibility in everyone's praying in unison, and equally so of the entire congregation's preaching at one and the same time: but that they can nearly all sing is clear, and this right, we are glad to see, the church-goer is more and more determined to assert. It is, therefore, of paramount importance that there should be right instruction in this matter, and that from earliest childhood the church-going child should be led in the right way.

The Sunday school is the training ground for the church. If the young heart is wedded to music in the religious exercises of the school, it will be impossible to keep the voice still when it enters the church. A fervent singing Sabbath school is certain to make the church resonant with music. The scholars can not help themselves, and if there is an old-fogy element in the church which would delegate all the praise to the choir, as it consigns the praying and preaching to the minister, it will be overwhelmed or ignored.

Such being the case, let us see what class of music is presented to Sunday schools, and how the taste of children is cultivated and improved. In the past eight years, we have been continually in receipt of Sabbath-school song-books, for examination and review. The earliest specimens were ludicrous enough both as to words and music. It would hardly be believed now that men of sense would issue such stuff as our children have been asked to sing. In looking over our collection, we find in a book published so late as 1871, and favored, through the enterprise of its publishers, with a large sale, the following twaddle. The first is entitled "Praying Always." There are eight maudlin verses, of which we give four as sufficient for one reading:

"Teacher:— Little eyes,
Looking wise,
Have you said your morning prayer?
Have you thought
As you ought
Of our heavenly Father's care?
Tell me what our prayer should be
When the morning light we see?

Girls:— Cloak and hood,
New and good,
Made to keep our bodies warm.
Words of truth
Learned in youth,
Keep our souls from every harm.
So let everything we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to thee.

Boys:— Boot or shoe,
Old or new,
Let us keep them clean and neat;
Let us pray
That we may
Some day walk the golden street.
So let, etc."

(This assurance of a corporeal resurrection, boots, shoes, and all, beats the old theologians all hollow.)

"Girls:— Collar white,
Ribbons bright;
Aprons, bonnet, shawl or dress;
So may we
Ever be
Clad in Jesus' righteousness.
So let, etc."

(This is a neat way of putting things, and must impress every healthy girl with the conviction that either she or the composer is a born idiot.)

We intended to be content with four verses, but the next should not be ruthlessly severed from its equally imbecile companions:

"Boys:— Top or ball,
Treasures all;
Books and toys I dearly prize;
Yet may I,
When I die,
To my heavenly treasures rise.
So let, etc."

Is this not expecting too much? What boy ever could be induced to compare the pleasures of heaven with the transitory joys of top or ball, which are liable to be swapped off at any moment for a dozen marbles, or the forbidden enjoyment of a Connecticut "Havana?"

We thought this capped the climax of absurdity until we turned over the page and found this affectionate inquiry to a remarkably intelligent "Little Birdie in a Tree." We came to the charitable conclusion that the author must have been "up a tree" when he wrote it. We give it entire, "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice," omitting simply the repeats:

"Little red bird in a tree,
Sing a song to me.

Sing about the roses
On the garden wall,
Sing about the bird-swing
On the tree-top tall.

Little snow-bird in the tree,
Sing a song to me;
Sing about the cloud-land,
'Way off in the sky;
When you go there calling,
Do your children cry?

Little blue-bird in the tree,
Sing a song to me;
Sing about the mountain,
Sing about the sea,
Sing about the steamboats—
Is there one for me?"

Here is a charming "conundrum" to propound to a good-natured bird which is expected to warble about a variety of subjects and answer numerous idiotic questions. If he received a reply on the bird-like topic of steamboats from the blue-bird, it is not chronicled. But, nothing daunted, he turns his attention to the black-bird in this manner:

"Little black-bird in the tree,
Sing a song to me;
Sing about the farmer,
Planting corn and beans,
Sing about the harvest—
I know what that means."

On the whole we are disposed to question this last assumption. Can any man who writes and publishes such stuff, and audaciously sets it to music for children to sing, know enough not to cut grass in a thunder-shower, or to wait for grain to ripen before driving in the reaper? If we admit this, we will not concede that he "knows beans," and are relieved that he didn't make the assertion.

Now it may be said that these two are exceptional extracts, but every Sunday-school superintendent knows that he has to use constant vigilance to steer clear of songs which border on the "step" which, as we know, is but one remove from the ridiculous. It is not the purpose of this article to advertise any particular work. We prefer rather to call special attention to the subject itself, which seems to us to have been treated with less care than its importance deserves. Children have not been vouchsafed the respect due to them. The disposition has been to underrate their intelligence and capacity for appreciation. Authors and composers have fallen into the error of writing down to a level below the average intellect instead of drawing the mind up by a grade of words and music higher than that average. Children like this latter method: it appeals to their honorable pride; it enhances their self-respect and stimulates their courage.

Of the many song-books in general use, one may count the really meritorious ones on the fingers of a single hand. Publishers answer the appeal for a better class of books by the assurance that good music will not sell; that children prefer weak and easily acquired melodies, and will not put forth any effort to learn that which is more harmonious and a little more difficult. This is true of superintendents, but not of the children. We have never yet seen a well-trained Sabbath school break down on any music that could be sung by a congregation or an average choir. The old and magnificent German chorals are acquired with as much ease and more evident relish than the flippant fiddle-de-dee which is so commonly meted out.

We want to see a revolution in this field of Sabbath-school music. There is no end of new books. It is so easy to get them up and palm them off upon an unsuspecting, easily deceived public, that men who know scarcely more than the first rudiments of scanning and the formation of a common chord flood the market with their rhythmical and musical platitudes. We want less in quantity but a very decided advance in quality. The church music of the future is to be congregational, and if we would have it first-class, the education in the Sunday school must be thorough.

To this end the Sabbath school should be the happiest place in the church. The room should be light and cheerful, comfortably furnished, well equipped with sufficient good singing-books, one for each child, and a melodeon or piano. A small pipe-organ is a luxury which only a few churches are able to supply to the school, though a little less waste on towers, expensive chimes and superfluous external adornments would leave ample means to make the inside appurtenances more complete. We protest against the disregard of the rightful claims of children by architects and church committees in respect to construction and equipment of Sunday-school rooms. Although land costs nothing upward, basements are usually deemed good enough for school-rooms, and hard, stiff-backed, uncushioned seats the proper accommodation for the "young idea." Basements are sepulchres, in which to bury youthful enthusiasm and silence young voices. It were as wise to shut up a canary in a dark cellar and ask it to pour out its brilliant pæan of joy to the sun, as to expect children, buried in the gloom of a half-submerged room, to sing with spirit and enjoyment.

When a school has other of the needful adjuncts we have named, let it be careful to select a singing superintendent, or at least one who is so imbued with the singing spirit that if he can not conduct the music successfully himself, he will have the "gumption" to select from his assistants some one who can. There are some superintendents, and many ministers, who regard the singing as a merely formal part of the service, interpolated to fill up the time and give a little variety to the exercises. Avoid all such. They are as much out of place in the pulpit and on the platform as a bull in a china-shop or a hen in a robin's nest. Singing is worship just as much as praying.

So we say, in conclusion, if you want your children to love the Sabbath school and the church, and all its religious services, fill them with that lively, joyful Christianity which breaks out into song and makes every nook and corner of the house of worship resound with melody. A silent Sunday school is a sure precursor of a dying or dead church. And, *per contra*, a church can not go to sleep so long as it has a live, wide-awake, joyful, singing Sabbath school.

ART.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN ITALY.

THE American art colonies in Florence and Rome, especially that portion of them devoted to sculpture, have been roused to a considerable degree of excitement by the wholesale charges made against them by Mr. S. W. Healey. This gentleman published letters in the Italian and American papers to the effect that many Americans established as sculptors in Florence and Rome indulged in corrupt practices, such as employing clever Italian artists to model many of their works in clay, and reproduce them in marble, for which work they were underpaid, and received no credit. These statements have been vigorously denied by such artists as Miss Harriet G. Hosmer, Mr. Franklin Simmons, Mr. Story, and others who were noticed by Mr. Healey, and the impression is now general that whatever may be true of a few obscure artists, the critic was too sweeping in his assertions when he charged such practices upon all of them.

Miss Hosmer, in a lengthy letter which has been made public, asks how many of her countrymen are familiar with the process of sculpture? "Not one in a thousand." She says that many believe that the statue is cut at once from the block of marble, without the preparatory process of the small model, or the full-size model in clay. Others, who are somewhat more enlightened, are aware that a clay model is first produced, which, being transferred to plaster, is placed in the hands of the marble workers; but the process of preparing that clay model is too frequently a complete enigma to them.

Since this subject of statue-making has been extensively discussed in the daily papers, and the public at large has but an imperfect idea of the amount of assistance which an artist may legitimately receive, Miss Hosmer has thought it well to describe the process as briefly as possible. The outline of her sketch is as follows:

The first work to be done is to prepare the small model which embodies the artist's idea. The proportions of this must be correct, the equilibrium adjusted, and the drapery arranged, if the statue calls for it. This is the work of the artist, and Miss Hosmer says no sculptor intrusts this work to an assistant. Before an assistant could do this he would have to possess the artist's idea, knowledge, feeling, touch; and to expect this is manifestly absurd. The brain-work of the artist is spent on the small model, which, when completed, is intrusted to an assistant, who performs most of the severe manual labor in making an enlarged copy. The process of enlarging is purely mechanical, conducted on mathematical principles. Modelers have been employed by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and indeed all artists. When the large model has reached a certain state of completeness, the artist resumes his work, giving the statue such sentiment and grace as it expresses. Miss Hosmer agrees with Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, in a letter he has published on this subject, that sculpture is not to be considered a perfectly mechanical art, but one of its noblest attributes is precisely that which defies mechanical limits, which is dependent upon a fine sense of grace, the offspring of thought, research and culture. He who leaves his own impress upon the statue must be considered its author, no matter how much mechanical work an assistant may have done.

Miss Hosmer says the productions of no two artists are precisely similar. Each artist has his style, which stamps his work, disclosing the character of the creator. Mr. Story, against whom Mr. Healey brought the charge of imposture, may be said to have created a new school of art. "A style neither strictly Greek nor strictly modern, but uniting the noblest features of both, in a manner unknown to any other artist of the present day." Who that has seen his "Lybian Sibyl," one of the finest statues of modern times, or his "Salome," or, better than all, his last work, the "Alcestis," believes they are not his productions? Miss Hosmer describes Mr. Story's "Alcestis" as follows: "In this truly exquisite conception we see the wife of the doomed Admetus reissuing into the light of day, her mind distraught by the awful scenes which she has witnessed: awake, yet seeing not; human, but with human senses sealed; weird, ghostly; treading, with uncertain step, the narrow limits which separate the living from the dead, the impress of the shadowy world still upon her." No one can believe that this statue was wrought by a man who was paid one dollar and a half a day. It must be the work of the poet, the scholar, the man of culture, and of delicate taste.

Miss Hosmer pays a glowing tribute to the late sculptor, Powers, in which she says: "A man utterly devoid of all petty jealousies; greater, even, as a man, than as an artist; kindly and helpful to his younger brethren, generous and just to all, I believe him to have been utterly incapable of uttering the language, or conceiving the intentions, which have been attributed to him by Mr. Healey."

Art society in Rome, according to Miss Hosmer, is not so pleasant as the outside world has often imagined. She says: "We indeed form a pleasant ideal of artist life in Italy, when from a distance we contemplate the possibilities which exist of rendering that society delightful; but personal observation of that society, and personal contact with many of its artists soon dispel the agreeable illusion, and the new aspirant to artistic honors is not long in espousing the cause of one or the other of the two factions; the barrier becomes complete, and extends itself, not only to artists' studios, but to their homes; and months, nay, even years pass, without any occasion presenting itself for two artists, who are, perhaps, working within a stone's-throw of each other, to exchange a word or a salutation."

Many other artists in Rome and Florence have written in defense of themselves and each other, against the charges brought by Mr. Healey, all of whom affirm that a certain amount of mechanical work is usually performed by hired labor, and is regarded as perfectly legitimate.

In America, all who have visited the studios of our resident sculptors, such as Clark Mills and Vinnie Ream at Washington, and Launt Thompson, Mr. McDonald, and Miss Griffin, in New York, are familiar with the process of modeling and statue-making, and know that it is not uncommon for paid labor to assist in the mechanical work. A few of our artists have even modeled in public, at industrial expositions, that the most incredulous might see the process, and become convinced of the honesty of the artists.

LITERATURE.

STATEN ISLAND, a delightful suburb of New York, is fast becoming a literary center. George William Curtis has long made it his home, and Mrs. A. H. Leonowens has resided there since she came to America. The island boasts a poetess, also, in the person of Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson, a sister of the lamented Theodore Winthrop, who has given to the world a volume called "Poems of Twenty Years," sung "but for the love of singing." She says she "sang alone, nor cared, though none should know it:"

"But if the traveler, faltering on his way,
Sees waters glimmer where the boughs are parted,
And rests, and dreams, scarce listening to my lay,
May he not grow a little lighter-hearted?"

Most of those who read this volume of "fancy," "experience," and the "war," for thus the poems are classified, will doubtless answer the question in the affirmative. Mrs. Johnson's poems cover a wide range of topics, and show her to be a woman who keeps abreast with the progress of the world, and is in tender and close sympathy with all that is beautiful, noble and true. Her pen is that of a ready writer, and her verses are smooth and rippling, full of color and melody. The following is a poem of fancy, entitled "The Four Elements":

"Beethoven is the wind that sweeps at will,
Sounding o'er forests and their waters lone,
In frolic zephyrs playing soft and still,
Then swelling weird and wild in awful tone.
Great, strong, and searching all our spirits' depths;
A fury of strange voice, that never sleeps.

Chopin is water; daring, changeable sea,
And joyous brook, and softly shadowed lake;
Rushing, and singing runes of mystery,
With sobbing undersong, for shipwreck's sake.
Now all tumultuous life, bewildering motion,
Now glittering raindrops, falling on the ocean.

And Mozart is the gay, green living earth,
Vocal with warbling bird and rustling leaf,
With song and dance, and tender fitful mirth,
And voice of man's full heart of joy and grief.
In simple rapture soaring to the sky,
Bringing sweet tears to every loving eye.

And Mendelssohn is fire, that fuses life,
Devouring all, to make us live again,
While from the ashes of our doubt and strife,
He re-creates our hope through burning pain,
And the keen passion of his harmony
Bears us into the light of worlds to be!"

Many of the poems in this volume are pervaded with a deep religious feeling; others are full of patriotism and love of country, but generous withal. Mrs. Johnson writes so well, it is to be hoped she will live twenty years to come and give us another volume. A pretty love-song in this collection is called "Beware!"

"Beware of one who loves thee but too well!
Of one who fain would bind thee with a spell
Of power to draw thee, as an unknown land
Lures the impassioned traveler to its strand!
Oh, if thou wouldst be free,
Beware of me!"

Beware of eyes that softly fix on thee,
Tamed in their restless glances by thine own,
And of a voice, where all things that may be
In maiden hearts, is told in every tone;
If thou wouldst still be free,
Beware of me!"

But if a longing, born within thy soul,
Gives thee a far-off gleam of unknown bliss,
Then let thy love speed onward to its goal,
Nor thy true rest and joy for blindness miss;
If thou wouldst not be free,
Then come to me!"

A study of contemporary fiction is interesting and profitable, showing, as it does, the public taste of the day for reading-matter, the drift of sentiment, and what those geniuses who write novels are capable of producing, if we admit that all authors are persons of genius. The press teems with works of fiction, more or less successful, a simple catalogue of which would fill the space at our command. The statistics of our public libraries, in Boston, as well as in Western cities, show that the books most extensively read are those of the least merit; trashy, sensational works, woven from feeble imaginations out of vapid and vicious materials. The great middle and lower class of American readers, outnumbering all others, delights in these curiosity and passion stimulating romances, which simply narrate commonplace or improbable events, with hardly a flash of intelligence, and not a single stroke of art. This deplorable lack of culture will remain until a higher and better education shall have lifted up the minds of the common people to that plane where only the truly beautiful and artistic shall have the power of pleasing.

As a work of genius, filled with passages of rare beauty and immense strength, Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three" unquestionably stands at the head of the romances of the year, and it is a matter of congratulation that it has been translated into English and republished in this country in numerous cheap editions which place it within the reach of the poorest. The story is a historical narrative of the most terrible period of the French Revolution, chiefly valuable for the vivid pictures it contains of that great contest, the descriptions being so clearly wrought out that the reader follows with deep interest the fortunes of the Marquis de Lantenac, from the moment he landed on the coast of Brittany until he was set free from his dungeon by Gauvain. The tocsin of Breton sounds in the reader's ears, and he fights for the king, with the peasantry, the great battles of the woods over again; he follows the poor mother, who lost her three children, on her weary and footsore journey, until she has the horror and happiness of seeing them rescued from fire; he walks the streets of Paris, beholds the convention, sees Marat in the greenroom, and listens to the mighty conflict between him, Danton, Robespierre, and Cimourdain; he is present at the terrible siege of the tower of La Tourque, the provincial bastille, and reads with emotion the great moral combat which takes place after the victory. Such a romance could only have been written by a man of genius, and must have had actual events for a foundation. That such stupendous struggles could have taken place proves that "there were giants in those days" in France, colossal heroes of

courage, justice, devotion to what appeared to be duty—to all the great emotions and principles which control human action. While some horrible and even disgusting things are written in "Ninety-Three," and the style is at times too epigrammatic, and too much of the catalogue is introduced into some of the chapters, these blemishes are but as spots on the sun compared with the healthy tone and high heroic action of the work as a whole. We doubt if anything more beautiful or natural in the annals of child-literature has ever been written than that section of "Ninety-Three" titled "The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew." One out of many beautiful passages is the following:

"The babble of an infant is more and less than speech; it is not measured, and yet it is a song; not syllables, and yet a language; a murmur that began in heaven and will not finish on earth; it commenced before human birth, and will continue in the sphere beyond! These lisps are the echo of what the child said when he was an angel, and of what he will say when he enters eternity. The cradle has a yesterday, just as the grave has a to-morrow; this morrow and this yesterday join their double mystery in that incomprehensible warbling, and there is no such proof of God, of eternity, and the duality of destiny, as in this awe-inspiring shadow flung across that flower-like soul."

The Marquis de Lantenac was a nobleman, a race which he describes as follows:

"It is an odd race; it believes in God, it believes in tradition; it believes in family, it believes in its ancestors, it believes in the example of its fathers, in fidelity, loyalty, duty toward its prince, respect to ancient laws, virtue, justice—and it would shoot you with pleasure."

"Ninety-Three" is a book to be read and enjoyed. It sparkles with gems, like the delicate hand of a fair woman. Here are a pair of emeralds:

"Nature is pitiless; she never withdraws her flowers, her music, her joyousness and her sunlight from before human cruelty and suffering. She overwhelms man by the contrast between divine beauty and social hideousness. She spares him nothing of her loveliness, neither butterfly nor bird. In the midst of murder, vengeance, barbarism, he must feel himself watched by holy things; he can not escape the immense reproach of universal nature and the implacable serenity of the sky. The deformity of human laws is forced to exhibit itself naked amidst the dazzling rays of eternal beauty. Man breaks and destroys; man lays waste; man kills; but the summer remains summer; the lily remains the lily; the star remains a star."

"Never had a morning dawned fresher and more glorious than this. A soft breeze stirred the heath, a warm haze rose amidst the branches; the forest of Fougères, permeated by the breath of hidden brooks, smoked in the dawn like a vast censer filled with perfumes; the blue of the firmament, the whiteness of the clouds, the transparency of the streams, the verdure, that harmonious gradation of color from aqua-marine to emerald, the groups of friendly trees, the mats of grass, the peaceful fields, all breathed that purity which is Nature's eternal counsel to man."

The stride from Victor Hugo to Edmund Yates is much greater than the width of the English Channel, and yet Mr. Yates, in a certain sense of the word, is a popular novel writer, both in England and America. His last romance is called "A Dangerous Game," and professes to be an American story, for its author once spent a few months in America, with the action mostly in New York, and incidentally in Liverpool and London. As a work of art it holds no place whatever by the side of "Ninety-Three;" as a narrative of events it is simply stimulating to the curiosity of those who have patience enough to follow the developments of the plot. There is not a fine or pretty passage in the whole book; no attempt at delineating character, describing scenery, or philosophizing. And there is nothing characteristically American in the story. The pith of the romance is the fact that a man falls in love with his friend's wife, makes the fact known to the woman, and then murders her husband to prevent discovery, and is, in turn, found out and executed. A mere record of crime with the usual efforts made to discover the perpetrator. Many well-known theatrical people have been introduced into the romance under the thin disguise of a change of name.

This story betrays no knowledge of character, no fine instincts or lofty aspirations, and no profitable study of the American people. It evidently came from the pen of a gross liver, a coarse man, who is more familiar with the interiors of greenrooms and club-houses than respectable people care to be, whose morals were not fashioned in the orthodox school, and whose chief delight consists in filling his mouth with palatable food at Delmonico's. Mr. Yates is about as successful in his attempt to write an American story as the French author of "Uncle Sam," who constructed an American comedy and put Saratoga in the backwoods. Of such books and such plays we have enough and to spare.

It is an unfortunate circumstance for American romance that so many of those who attempt works of fiction paint phases of our social life which are only interesting from their peculiarity. All beauty, all æsthetic culture, all fine work and polish is ignored, and we are hurried through chapter after chapter of ugliness, chaos, fearful crimes, terrible accidents, and strange adventures; or else we are treated to a weakly, religious novel from the Sunday-school standpoint; or to a satire upon the manners, speech, and customs of New-Englanders. Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, and Dr. O. W. Holmes have added works of permanent interest to American fiction, a statement which can hardly be made of any other known American writer. As specimens of recent American novels, what can be said of John Esten Cooke's "Justin Harley" and Mrs. L. D. Blake's "Fettered for Life?" Mr. Cooke sends romances from the press as fast as his pen and publishers can produce them. He writes in a dashing, easy manner, but after one has followed the stream of words from its source to its ocean, he has had his labor for his pains, with not so much as a sunfish or trout in his basket; without discovering a single shady nook for repose, a solitude for reflection, an outlook for a pleasing prospect. He calls his "Justin Harley" a romance of Old Virginia, and he tells the story of his hero who led a wandering life at home and abroad; who spent freely the hard-earned money of his ancestors, and about whose early life there was a mystery involving the question of his marriage. All the characters in the book are exceedingly commonplace; they never rise above a certain level, for it is vain to expect the fountain to reach higher than its source, and Mr. Cooke is neither a Hugo, a Disraeli, or a George Eliot—he is not even a Bayard Taylor, a Beecher, or a Dr. Holland, and each of these gentlemen has written a story. But for a few novel inci-

dents in the book, such as the loss of a key, a sudden storm and flood, the meeting of a strange woman among a company of strolling actors, etc., "Justin Harley" would be insufferably dull. A portion of the action of the story is in the edge of a great swamp, and here Mr. Cooke appears to be quite at home in his description of scenery and management of storms and moonlight effects, only he introduces them much as the stage-carpenter places his paste-board scenery before an audience, in an exaggerated and unnatural manner, with the intention, evidently, of exciting wonder if not admiration. The book is a profitless one to read, and belongs to a large class of novels which frequently find their way into the Eastern States, from such literary sections of our country as Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

Mrs. Blake, in her "Fettered for Life," had a difficult task to perform, inasmuch as she attempted to tell a very commonplace story, and at the same time interest the public in an unpopular movement. Taking a poor girl from the country, and bringing her to the metropolis, the author narrates her adventures and trials in the earnest endeavor which is made to earn an honest livelihood. All through the book the heroine is caused to feel keenly how unfortunate it is to be a woman and come into competition with men in matters of business. She is even exposed to insult and injury from those who occupy high positions, and it is only by marrying a good man at last that she escapes her trials. There is much in this story of real life, and as such it is valuable to all who lack experience and contemplate starting out in the world for themselves. Many good women in the country who read this book will be surprised to learn, for the first time, perhaps, that a woman traveling alone to New York will not be received at many of the hotels, while any man who applies has no difficulty in securing accommodations. Mrs. Blake, in fact, opens up in this book the whole question of granting to women all those social and political privileges which are now denied them. And if anything can help to promote this object, it is books which portray the disadvantages under which woman labors when she attempts to help herself.

It is a promising sign of the times that wide attention is now being called to the subjects of health and education in all their relations to the human family. Before we can have a nation of artists, of scholars, patriots, or even virtuous and honest men, there must be a nation of healthy and robust men and women, beings who know how to live to the best advantage, or in accordance with the laws of nature; for when nature's laws are violated, the action of the brain becomes enfeebled, the physical system weakens, there is a lack of courage, of all strong and well-directed effort, and artificial means are resorted to for the purpose of putting the human machine in working order. In the end these always fail, and disease, crime, misery, poverty, and all the ills to which flesh is heir, come crowding upon the human family, like a plague of grasshoppers, to devour and destroy.

The books now coming from the press on subjects connected with health and education are exceedingly numerous. A valuable one, from the house of D. Appleton & Co., is from the pen of Canon Kingsley, of Westminster, and consists of a number of popular lectures on various subjects which he has delivered in England. He assumes that the modern Briton is degenerating in consequence of his neglect of hygienic laws, and he addresses himself to mothers, for the most part, on such topics as they need to be familiar with before they can properly rear a family of children. His manner is entertaining and his matter is valuable. The book is called "Health and Education."

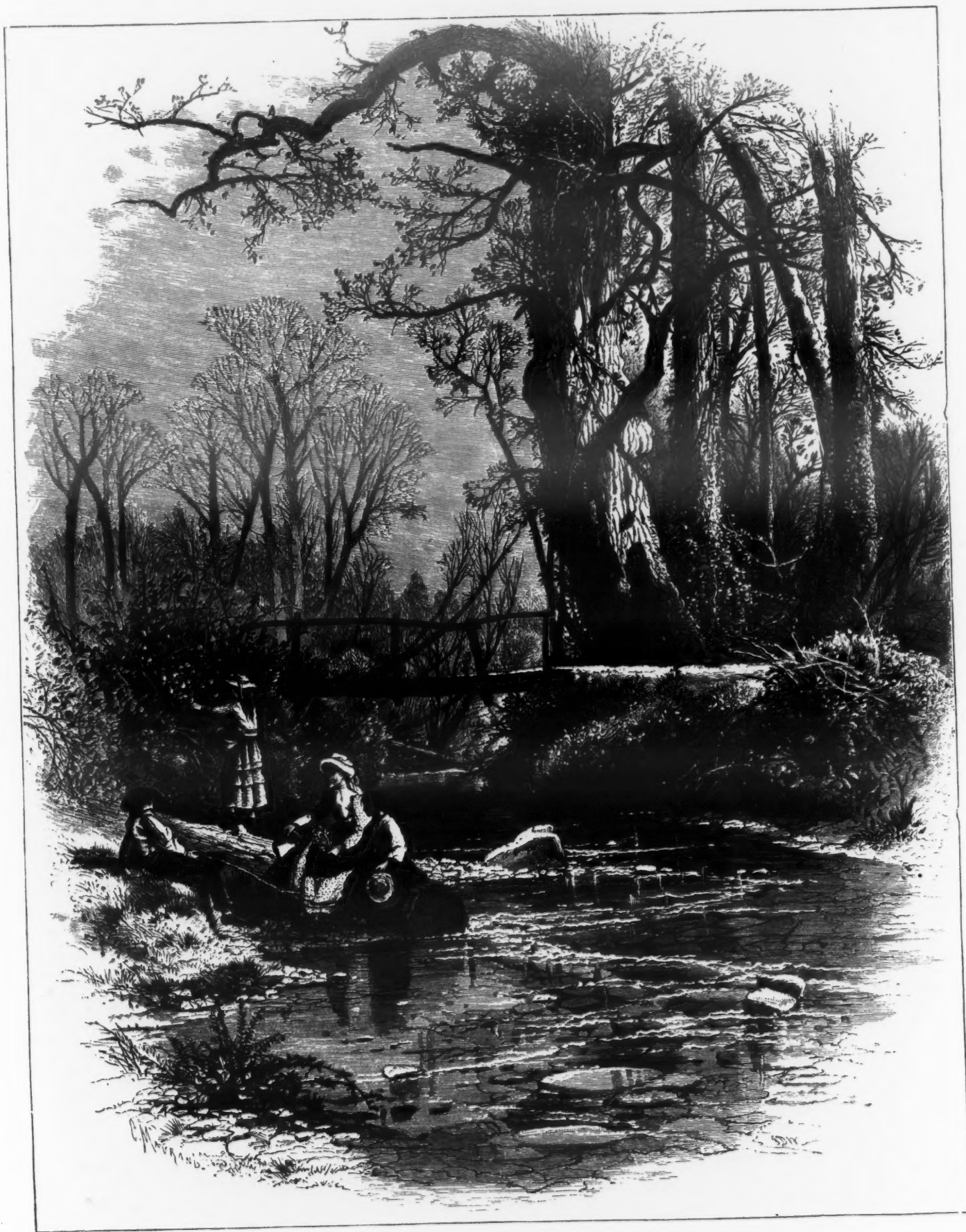
"Physiology for Practical Use" is another valuable work from the same house, profusely illustrated, and edited by Dr. James Hinton, a distinguished surgeon of London, from a series of papers contributed by gentlemen who had special knowledge of the subjects upon which they wrote. The scope of the work can best be understood when it is known that one chapter relates to the brain and its servants, that a chapter is devoted to each of the five special senses, and that there are other chapters on such subjects as digestion, the skin, the bath, pain, respiration, taking cold, influenza, headache, sleep and sleeplessness, ventilation, the liver, alcohol, occupation and health, training and gymnastics, etc. The volume is a handsome one of over five hundred pages, and can be read and enjoyed by the non-professional reader. It should be transformed into a text-book for all of our common schools.

The essay on "Sex in Mind and in Education," by Henry Maudsley, M. D., of England, has been republished in this city in pamphlet form by James Miller. The English doctor maintains that the sexes are different, which no one denies, and says that "let come what may, it will not be possible to transform a woman into a man," a statement everybody admits. Those who ask that women shall have, if they wish, the same education as men, the same business, political and social privileges, claim that the question of sex ought not to enter into the discussion at all, as it has no more to do with justice and woman's capabilities than the color of the hair or the angle of the nose. It is entirely a work of supererogation for Dr. Maudsley, or any other person, to discuss the subject of education or political duties from the standpoint of sex. As an ingenious argument by one who is familiar with medical topics, "Sex in Mind and Education" may be classed among the curiosities of medical literature.

Dr. J. W. Howe, a young physician of New York City, who has had a large experience in connection with hospital and other practice, has published a book called "Emergencies," which has passed into its second edition, through D. Appleton & Co., and is fast assuming the position of a standard work. The volume includes within its scope all the accidents by fire, flood, and land which may suddenly come upon individuals, and indicates the best treatment to be pursued on the instant. Valuable alike to the layman and the doctor, it has received, as it deserves, the highest praise of the medical press of this country and Europe. It is one of the medical books which should find a place in every household, while its contents should be familiar to every man and woman.

"THE ALDINE PRESS."—JAMES SUTTON & Co., Printers and Publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

M 7011



OCTOBER DAYS.—J. D. WOODWARD.

M 760



RAPIDS OF THE AU SABLE.—A. PARTON.